

California Historical Society Quarterly

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SUTTER'S MILL AND DAM

California Historical Society Quarterly

THE STORY OF A GOLD MINER Reminiscences of Edwin Franklin Morse*

The author of these recollections was born October 9, 1833, in Boston, Massachusetts, being the youngest of the eleven children of Hazen and Lucy Cary Morse. When he was nine his family moved to Haverhill, where his father founded the firm of engravers that became the famous American Bank Note Company.

Edwin was apprenticed to his older brother, Henry, who was a jeweler, and through his work with him became interested in gold and in the discoveries in California. He caught the gold fever and never recovered from it. He shipped from Boston for California on the *Cheshire* during the first week in December, 1849, reaching San Francisco June 17, 1850 — a voyage of one hundred and ninety days. After varied fortunes, mines in which he was interested yielded him good returns; but in later years he sank a good deal of money in unprofitable mining schemes. He said that mining was the prettiest game there was — "You just took the gold out of the ground without hurting anybody."

Edwin Morse was married three times. His first wife was Abbie Robinson; his second, Lucretia Woodman, of Dover, New Hampshire, and his third, Mrs. Grace G. Morse, is now living in Berkeley. He died on May 15, 1909.

The first chapter of these reminiscences, dealing with early family life, has been omitted here, otherwise the story is printed without further alteration than the addition of notes.

VOYAGE AROUND THE HORN TO CALIFORNIA

I was about fifteen years of age when the California gold fever first broke out in the Eastern States. I soon became possessed of the determination to leave home and try my fortune in the new El Dorado.

Although my ambition scarcely met with the approval of my family, they finally gave their consent. So little did they believe that I would stick to my determination, that my father, in engaging my passage, made arrangements with the captain by which I should be shipped back, in case I should be homesick by the time the vessel reached Rio Janeiro.

* Dictated to his daughter, Mary Phipps Morse.

The ship, in which my passage was engaged, was the *Cheshire*, Captain Dix, a staunch but slow sailing vessel. Two classes of accommodation were furnished, the first consisting of berths in the cabins above deck, for which the charge was \$250.00; the second class accommodation being arranged below. My father obtained the latter for me, paying \$150.00.

My outfit consisted of a chest well supplied with warm clothing, pea jackets, etc., a rifle, shot-gun, and pistol, powder and shot, and a good library of books.

Severe storms delayed the *Cheshire* from sailing for nearly two weeks beyond scheduled time. On going down at the appointed date from Haverhill, where we were then living, I found myself obliged to go back and wait till calmer weather prevailed.

The only one of my fellow passengers from Haverhill was a man by the name of Hazleton. He was much older than I and my father asked him to look after me somewhat. He proved to be a most undesirable acquaintance. While we were waiting in Boston for the ship to sail, he advised me to lay in a good supply of whiskey, saying that I would find it very necessary. Acting on this advice, I purchased about \$20.00 worth, most of which he got away with on the voyage.

This was my only foolish purchase. I did not buy any miners' tools to take with me, but bought everything I needed in that line when I reached California. Many of the passengers invested hundreds of dollars in various miners' cradles and other devices for washing out gold, all of which were quite worthless, having been made to sell or to fit purely imaginary conditions of gold mining. Most of them never reached the "diggings," but were left behind in San Francisco.

We finally set sail on the 5th of December, 1849. I was but two months past my sixteenth birthday, but had already attained my full growth of nearly six feet and I considered myself quite a man.

The space below decks on board ship was lined on either side with berths two wide and two high. Below each berth stood our chests which served us as seats and along the center of the room were long tables with racks above for cups and plates. The first night out was very rough and as none of our chests were lashed down they slid and bumped about in all directions, making it as much as a man's life was worth to attempt to get out of his bunk.

I was pretty sea sick that first night out, but soon got on my sea-legs and had no further difficulty. Some of the men were sick during every storm we encountered and one poor fellow was sick the entire trip of six months and died a few days after we reached San Francisco.

We numbered about one hundred and thirteen men besides the officers

and crew. There was one other fellow about my age and the cabin boy was younger. All the rest were grown men.

The first cabin passengers we did not see much of. The most of them spent their time with the captain in gambling and carousing. The captain was a very dissipated man and spent the greater part of his time in his cabin, leaving the mate to sail the ship. There were, besides some nice fellows among the second class passengers, a number of Boston truckmen who were tough customers and would not put up with foolishness from any one. The officers soon learned that they would not stand for any abuse, not only of their own rights, but also those of the sailors. On one occasion, one of the mates, who was a regular bully, knocked down the cook's helper, an inoffensive old man who had been pumping a bucket of water from the water-barrel on deck. Instantly some of the bystanders started after him, threatening to throw him overboard. The mate, badly frightened, made for the cabin with the men after him, and I guess he was mightily glad to get there too.

Our fare consisted of hard tack or ship-biscuit, salt pork and corned beef or salt horse, as the sailors call it, so strong of saltpeter that it was a kind of mahogany color, rice and beans. The beans, till we got to Rio de Janeiro, were the ordinary pea bean. There, however, we laid in a stock of small beans that were jet black. From Valparaiso on we had the regular brown or chili beans. I found the stock of whiskey, that I had laid in, very useful. By making presents of some of it to the ship's cook, a somewhat demoralized old man who had seen better days, I got private dishes of beans cooked.

By way of variety in our diet we had "lob scouse," a stew of meat and potatoes; "dandy funk," a dish consisting of ship-biscuit and molasses, baked in the oven; and "plum duff," or plum pudding. Twice a week we had "soft tack," or yeast powder biscuit; but no butter or other luxuries. The cabin passengers fared better than we did.

On one occasion I remember, they neglected to give us our "soft tack" on the appointed day, so a crowd of us gathered between the galley and the cabin and whenever the boy who was bringing the food from the kitchen emerged with a plate of biscuit, we would trip him up and steal them.

The captain and mate finally appeared in the cabin door and demanded furiously what we meant by such actions. For answer we began pelting them with the biscuit and they were forced to beat a hasty retreat. After that we got our "soft tack" on schedule time.

Our principal amusements were reading and playing checkers. In calm weather I used to climb up to the first cross-tree and lie there and read. The captain was a queer character. He had a strange

purple-looking tumor, as large as a pigeon's egg, on his upper lip. When he kept his mouth closed it was not noticeable, but when he talked it would pop out in full view. His favorite diversion was playing the snare drum. One day when I was lying up in the rigging I drew a picture of the old fellow, with his tumor in full view, playing his snare drum. It was drawn with lead pencil on the white mast and was very life-like, if I do say it. I must have told of this work of art, for soon the fame of it spread all over the ship. There was a perfect procession of men going up one side of the rigging and down the other to view my handiwork. It was highly appreciated. At last the captain, his curiosity aroused, went up to see what was the object of interest. He saw and came down furiously vowing vengeance on the perpetrator if he could catch him, but he never did.

When we got into southern waters one of our chief diversions was fishing. Ordinarily we used lines and bait (salt pork) but sometimes some of the men would get out on the chains that held up the bowsprit, and spear fish with a kind of four-tined iron fork called grains. Most of the fish we caught were edible and some of them were very beautiful in appearance, notably the albacore, which had a blue back, like a mackerel, white belly and bright scarlet fins. Dolphin were very plentiful. Although the dying dolphin is popularly said to turn all the colors of the rainbow, those we caught proved disappointing and failed to die according to rule, at least when I was present. Sometimes schools of flying fish, pursued by other fish, would rise out of the water in an attempt to escape and the wind would carry them toward us and they would land on our deck.

Once the crew fished for shark, which abounded in those waters. They baited a large hook with salt pork, attached it to a short iron chain and cast it overboard. The sharks were always following the ship, feeding on the refuse thrown overboard, and soon one of them swallowed the bait. Immediately they began to haul it in with block and tackle. The sailors got ropes around it and everything went very successfully. One of the mates was standing by superintending the affair, and just as the huge man-eater rose over the side, it flopped around suddenly and caught the mate across the body with its powerful jaws. It ripped off his waistcoat and clothes as if they had been paper, but fortunately it did not reach the flesh. That was a pretty close call for the mate, for if he had been a little nearer, the shark would have snapped him in two. It took a good deal of clubbing about the head to put the big fish out of commission. They cut the shark up, and kept the huge jaws with the rows of cruel teeth, and some of us men took pieces of its skin, which was as rough as emery paper.

Many birds followed the ship also, Cape of Good Hope pigeons, stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chickens as the sailors called them, and albatross. The two first named would light on the rigging. The albatross would not come near the ship, but followed behind to feed on the scraps thrown over. They were a beautiful bird in their flight. They would soar for hours, not once flapping their wings, never lighting and apparently tireless. We used to fish for them with salt pork for bait and often hauled them aboard. The moment they struck the deck, they would get as sea-sick as a man, and vomit all over the place. This dirtied the ship so and got to be such a nuisance, that the captain finally put a stop to our catching them. They are a large grey and white bird with a sweep of wing fully twelve feet. The beak has a peculiar upper mandible that comes out straight for a way and then turns down in a manner hard to describe accurately, and it is very powerful. Our cabin boy was a comical little Irish urchin, always up to some monkey shine or other. One day, when we had just caught an albatross, he was cutting-up around there and the bird nabbed him by the seat of his trousers, biting good and hard too. The little fellow jumped about yelling at the top of his lungs, while the albatross hung on for dear life, and we men roared with laughter. We had quite a time to get the bird to let go his hold.

The sailors were not at all superstitious in regard to the albatross and I killed one and preserved the skin, intending to send it to my brother Henry, who was quite a naturalist, but it was lost or destroyed. This bird, although so much at home in the air and with such powerful wings, could not rise from the deck, and when we let one go we were obliged to throw it over-board.

The stormy petrel was a very small bird, that skimmed along the waves as if it was running, and frequently lighted on the masts. Although the sailors showed no superstition in regard to the albatross, they did about these birds and decidedly objected when I expressed a desire to shoot one of them.

When the ship got into the "doldrums," as the region near the equator is called, we were becalmed for days. There was not even enough wind to keep the ship steady, and she rolled back and forth on the swell which exists in the calmest weather. The sails and rigging slapped and banged against the masts. It was too hot to sleep below and I lay up on deck all through the tropical nights, clad in my thinnest clothing.

Though on many ships "crossing the line," as it is called, is attended by much ceremony and horse-play, nothing of the kind occurred in our vessel. Our principal jollifications took place when we killed

pigs. We brought from Boston a sow and litter of eight or nine pigs and occasionally two of the litter would be killed, one for the favored few in the cabin and the other to be divided among the rest of those on board. These momentous occasions were celebrated by most of the passengers getting drunk. When we reached San Francisco the sow was sold for \$600.00.

The *Cheshire* was a slow vessel making possibly eight or ten knots (nine or ten miles) an hour under favorable circumstances, so it was fully forty days before we reached Rio de Janeiro, our first stopping place. The captain put in there ostensibly to get water, which we did not need. In reality he stopped to get whiskey, which we did not need either.

We stayed here two weeks. It was quite unnecessary, but I did not care as I was in no hurry to reach my destination, having no more idea what I wanted to do when I did get there than the average boy of sixteen. I was out for a lark and to see the world and was doing so, all of which pleased me mightily.

Rio de Janeiro offered plenty of opportunity for sightseeing. It was a beautiful city with the most magnificent harbor in the world. The entrance is through a strait narrower than the Golden Gate. On one side was a promontory crowned with a fortress, and on the other Sugar Loaf Mountain rose sheer out of the water for hundreds of feet. It was cone-shaped as its name indicates.

Just out side of Rio we had spoken to the *Francis de Poe*, a French vessel evidently from some French port and also bound for California. We could see that she had women and also two or three greyhounds aboard her. We entered Rio de Janeiro together.

There were a great many ships from all parts of the world lying in the harbor. When we were first rowed ashore we saw seven or eight queer looking bundles lying on the beach. On inquiring what they were, we were told that they were the bodies of sailors from these ships, who had died of yellow fever. The "Yellow Jack" was all through the shipping there but we did not have a case among us.

We used to spend every day on shore, but were obliged to return by nine o'clock at night or else we could not go aboard. We were rowed to and from the ship in small boats manned by negroes. Rio was one of the largest slave markets of the world and these were great brutes of savages recently brought from Africa. Their teeth were filed down to points after the fashion of their native land, and altogether they had a ferocious aspect.

I have since wondered that they never attempted to murder us for our valuables and throw our bodies overboard, as they might have

done under cover of the darkness, but I never knew of any such an occurrence.

The city contained many fine shops and buildings. There was great wealth and display. Curiously, though a slave market, social equality was in many instances accorded the negro and I saw several handsomely dressed white women, who were going about escorted by their negro husbands and they excited no remark.

Once I saw Dom Pedro, the emperor, leaving his hall of justice or parliament with mounted escort and outriders gorgeously uniformed. The emperor rode in a carriage drawn by six or eight snow white mules, richly caparisoned, which altogether made an imposing figure.

Many of the sailors from American vessels, then in port, behaved disgracefully and were engaged in rows and fights and did a good deal of damage. The police interfered and could have made it very hot for them, but Dom Pedro refused to prosecute them. He seemed to have been a good man and a just and able ruler.

While in Rio, I witnessed my first bull fight, a brutal and disgusting exhibition. Once I over-stayed my time and was obliged to remain in the city all night. I was clad in a thin linen suit and in careless ignorance wandered about, until I was drenched to the skin with the night mists, before I sought a hotel. I might easily have contracted fever, as the result of such imprudence, but got off with nothing worse than a severe cold; that contributed much to the catarrh from which I have since suffered.

On one occasion, a party of us crossed the bay to Praia Grande, a suburb that bore the same relation to Rio that Oakland does to San Francisco and which was reached by ferry in the same way. It was a most beautiful place. The streets were lined with orange trees filled with ripe fruit, which the passer-by was at liberty to pick. This suburb was the resort of the wealthy classes and the homes were magnificent. A wealthy American, who had long been a resident there, invited us into his house and with lavish hospitality treated us to wine and fruit. Altogether my stay in Rio Janeiro was delightful.

As we weighed anchor and left Rio, the French ship *Francis de Poe* which had entered with us, also took her departure.

The trip down the coast was uneventful. My memory of dates is very poor, so I can only give approximate time throughout this narrative. I preserved for years a record of the voyage, dates, names and ages of all the passengers, etc., but it was long ago destroyed.

It was probably some time in March that we reached the Straits of Le Maire. The weather was favorable with a fair wind and we passed through a-flying. Great flocks of ducks flew over the ship and I shot several from the deck, but they proved far from edible.

As we emerged from the straits, Cape Horn loomed up before us, a bleak, forbidding-looking promontory. We were congratulating ourselves on our good luck in having such fine weather and anticipated making unusually good time around the Horn; but we crowed too soon. That night a big storm came up with terrific gales, and for three weeks we lay off the cape unable to round it. The seas were tremendous.

Sitting on my chest down below, I could look directly up the hatchway. When the ship would sink into the trough of the sea, from where I sat, I could only see the water. It would seem a long time before she would stagger up into the crest of the next wave and the sky would reappear, only to vanish again, as we plunged down into the depths. We were driven far south and the weather was bitterly cold. The decks and riggin' were covered with ice and we were not allowed on deck. One man ventured up one day and slipped and flew across the deck and striking against the water barrel cut an awful gash in his back. I pitied the poor sailors up aloft trying to furl sails, frozen as stiff as boards.

The motion of the ship made the drinking water very ropery, at times it was almost like syrup, and weavils got into the ship-biscuit. Altogether it was pretty disagreeable. We were all thankful when the weather cleared at length, and we were able to round the Horn and continue on our way up the coast to Valparaiso.

Valparaiso was a great contrast to Rio, being as ugly and uninteresting as Rio was beautiful and interesting. It was built along the side of a hill, as steep as any in San Francisco, and seemed to consist chiefly of saloons, dives, and other low resorts. The only remarkable incident in my memory was the finding of our old friend the *Francis de Poe*, which had preceded us into port only a very short time, and which left at about the same time as ourselves, after a stay of two weeks.

We proceeded up the coast to San Francisco, arriving outside the heads at night. The captain, not knowing the harbor, did not care to risk entering alone so looked about for a pilot. Seeing a white object some distance off, he hailed it thinking it to be a pilot boat, but received no response. We accordingly anchored out there until morning. Daylight revealed what we had in the darkness taken for a pilot boat to be the white cliffs of the Farallon Islands.

Imagine our astonishment at finding our old friend of former ports, the *Francis de Poe*, also waiting to go in. We entered the Golden Gate side by side, so close together that a ship-biscuit could have been tossed from one deck to the other.

We had reached the El Dorado of our hopes on June 17, 1850, after a voyage of one hundred and ninety days.

LIFE AT THE PLACER MINES

My recollections of San Francisco at the time of my arrival there are not very vivid. Indeed, there was very little to remember.

The greater part of the city had been swept by fire a few days before our arrival and lay a mass of smoking ruins. Owing to this fact we were unable to obtain lodgings in the city and were obliged to sleep aboard ship. There were no wharves and we rowed to and fro in small boats, making our landings on the beach at a small cape called Clark's Point. The water front at that time reached to Montgomery Street.

When many ships reached San Francisco they were abandoned by their crews, who struck out for the mines. The captains experienced great difficulty in obtaining crews for the return trip. In consequence some vessels were beached and dismantled of their rigging and used as boarding and store-houses.

I stayed only four or five days in San Francisco. Living was very high, meals being one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents apiece and every thing else in proportion. I particularly remember the plaza at Kearney and Clay streets where the flag staff and Stevenson's monument now stand. At that time a big gambling house occupied one corner and on the opposite one stood another similar resort.

I left my chest with most of my clothing, rifle, etc., on board a ship that was used for storage and in charge of a friend. It was a year or more before I returned to San Francisco to get any of my things. In the mean time, Hazleton, the man from Haverhill whom I have previously mentioned and who remained in San Francisco, had broken open my chest and helped himself to many of my effects, among them my rifle. I spent the night at his cabin and noticed a rifle that looked like mine standing in the corner, but did not speak of it and in the morning it was gone.

I suppose one reason that he had access to my effects was because of a notice that appeared in one of the papers; stating that a man by the name of E. F. Morse had been killed by the explosion of his gun at Poorman's Creek, and an estate of \$1500 or more was awaiting claimants. Thinking it might be me, he and his uncle went up from San Francisco to identify the body and claim the money. The victim proved to be a stranger and the money a myth. Later they tried to get me to pay their expenses (\$150.00) for that trip, but I did not see it that way.

Meanwhile the news of the death of E. F. Morse travelled back to the "States" and my family were much alarmed. Not hearing from me, they debated whether to put on mourning for me or not. In course

of time intelligence reached them that I was still in the land of the living.

As I stated before, I remained only a few days in San Francisco after my arrival. I took some of my clothing, blankets, etc., and in company with four of my fellow passengers went up the river to Sacramento on a steamer, paying \$25.00 for the trip.

From Sacramento we went to Marysville in a little tub of a steamer, the charge being \$15.00. The boat was a little stern wheeler with all the machinery exposed and only a little cabin built aft. The current was too strong for her and would swing her around into the bank. They would back her out and get up steam and make another start, only to have the current jam her nose into the opposite bank. Thus we zigzagged up the river for three days. The captain was very kind and treated us royally to his excellent store of provisions. At the end of the third day we stuck fast in a mud-bank about three miles below Marysville and were obliged to foot it the rest of the way.

Most steamers, as well as other manufactured articles of great bulk, were brought around the Horn in pieces and put together after they got here. I remember a man by the name of Bill Hale of Haverhill bought a steamer that had been running on the Merrimac River and shipped it to California on the brig *Ark*, by way of the Horn. He himself came out across the Isthmus of Panama and arrived long before the brig *Ark* with its cargo.

By misrepresenting the capacity, etc., he sold the steamer for three or four times its real value and had left for home long before the purchaser discovered the fraud or it would have gone hard with him.

In those days they were trying to make Benicia the terminal point and my ticket read from Boston to Benicia. If we had wanted, we might have remained on board the *Cheshire* until they took us up there, and lived on the ship's stores. Some years later when I was down at Benicia, I found the *Cheshire* still there in charge of one of the sailors I had known.

But to return to the mines. At Marysville we laid in our supplies, provisions, tools, etc.; everything was extremely high I know, but I do not remember just what the price of food-stuffs was per pound. I do remember later on paying \$75.00 for a huge pair of boots that came nearly to my hips. We hired an ox team to haul our outfit up the country, paying \$25.00 freight per pound.

We finally reached Slate Range up on the Yuba River. Here on top of the ridge Charlie Barker, now of Grass Valley, had a little grocery and supply store in a tent, and the place went by the name of Barker's Tent.

I never in all my life in California encountered any wild beasts nor found it necessary to go about armed. Nor do I believe a pistol was ever a needful part of a peaceable man's equipment, in spite of stories of the dangerous state of the country. However, when I left Marysville I had a small single-barreled pistol with a ramrod, a necessary accompaniment of an old-fashioned firearm. It was a weapon more adapted to target shooting than for self-defense.

Once we camped in the open and the coyotes made the night hideous, as only coyotes can. When I turned in for the night I stood my high boots up at the foot of my improvised bed and put my pistol under my pillow. In the middle of the night, I was wakened out of a sound sleep by an unusually piercing howl. Startled, I lifted my head and in the dim starlight saw a dark object sitting upright near my feet. Thinking it to be a coyote I seized my pistol and sitting up blazed away at it. I heard nothing more from Mr. Coyote so lay down satisfied. Imagine my surprise and disgust in the morning, at finding my supposed coyote to be only my innocent new boots. In my excitement, I had forgotten to remove the ramrod before shooting and had blown it clear through both boots.

The only time I ever saw a bear was once when camping near Indian Valley [below Downieville]. In the evening we were sitting around the camp fire, and some little distance off was another camp of prospectors. Suddenly we heard something come crashing and crackling down through the brush on the hillside. Presently a huge bear, probably a grizzly, passed directly between the two camp fires. It went splashing across the river and charging up the further hillside through the chaparral.

When we reached Slate Range from Marysville, we decided to camp down below it on the river. We went to "crevicing" as it is called; that is, we pried apart the slabs of slate and washed out the sand and dirt between. We worked a week or so and panned out about a cupful of gold dust — as we thought. An old miner came along one day and we promptly exhibited the result of our labor with some pride, which was coldly dashed, as he exclaimed in derision, "Why you d——d fools that's nothing but mica."

In some chagrin we abandoned our promising mica claim and shortly after separated. Some of us made our way up the river to where quite a crowd of men were digging a ditch for a race and building a dam preparatory to turning the river in order to wash its bed. Here we joined the work. Building the dam was hard work in the broiling sun. Many of the men shirked and complained of being sick. Some of them undoubtedly were ill as dysentery was very prevalent all along

the river. I worked like a good fellow on the dam. First we felled logs and laid them across the river, and then cut smaller poles or pilings, as they were called, and placed them at an angle with one end resting against the dam and the other embedded in the river bottom. Against this barrier we dumped dirt which we brought from the bank in hand barrows made by stretching a raw hide over two poles. Thus we banked up the earth until no water could seep through. Then we turned the river into the race and proceeded to wash the bed. In our ignorance and inexperience, we laboriously pumped the water out of the deep holes, worn around the boulders and panned out the gravel from the bottom.

We used a cradle or rocker, as it is called. This was the usual method of washing out gravel. The cradle was a long wooden box on rockers like a child's cradle, but placed on an incline so that a stream of water and the dirt could pass easily from the upper end to the lower. Above the upper end was placed a hopper made of a piece of sheet iron with perforations just large enough to allow the finer dirt and gravel to pass through and drop down into the cradle proper. The bottom of this box had slats or cleats nailed across it at intervals. Indeed, it was not unlike a rude kind of washboard. A load of gravel was dumped in at the top and the stream of water washed it through while the riffles caught the particles of gold. A man gently agitated the cradle on its rockers by means of a pole nailed against the side.

After some days of hard work, we had accumulated only about \$150 in gold dust. As the near by store asked exorbitant prices for supplies, even for that day, two or three of the men went to Downieville, about twelve miles up the river, for provisions. They invested about half their money in necessities and the other half in whisky. Upon their return most of the camp went on a grand spree. During the celebration some of them, disgusted at the small returns for all the labor we had expended, seized axes and chopped away the dam. The pent-up water went down with a rush and tore out the wing-dams of other miners below us on the river. The irate owners came up to our camp threatening vengeance. They were thoroughly roused and talked of lynching. It might have gone hard with us, if we had not succeeded in convincing them that it was purely accidental.

While living here in Indian Valley, as that part of the country was called, scurvy was very prevalent, due to a preponderance of salt meat in our diet and a lack of fresh vegetables. The pack-trains used to bring out onions, the best antiscorbutic known, from Marysville. As soon as the men down the valley saw the dust of the pack-train coming

down the trail they would make a grand stampede for it and fight for onions paying one dollar apiece for them.

After the destruction of the dam, I was again obliged to seek work. I had been nursing a friend sick with dysentery, but seeing him on the road to recovery, I decided to strike out down the river. If it had not been for the generosity of two older men I would have been quite penniless. These men were from New Hampshire. They had been in the country a year or so and had made money the previous winter. Seeing me "dead-broke" they gave me two nuggets worth about \$20 apiece.

I left one with my sick friend, and with the other in my pocket I started down the river for work.

Rattlesnakes were very numerous in those days. During that trip down the Yuba, I came one day upon a large flat boulder that was literally alive with rattlers. If there was one there were fully one hundred. I saw one very peculiar species with a rather handsome marking of yellow and black diamonds upon its back. I have never seen any like it since. All whom I ever questioned on the subject had never seen any of the sort and some were skeptical as to its existence. But I think my description is correct. I used to try to kill all the rattlers I encountered but if I had attempted to clean out that snakery I would have had to spend some time there. Besides I was looking for more profitable labor, so after despatching a few with a club, I went on.

My only funds, the one small nugget of gold, were soon exhausted and I had found no work. I was endeavoring to reach Marysville where some of my former shipmates were, of whom I hoped to borrow enough to keep me till I could get something to do. At this low ebb in my fortunes I reached Rose's Bar in company with a young man who had overtaken me on the road. Here we put up for the night.

I recollect I sat on the porch while dinner was being served, and at last a bystander advised me to go in, if I wanted to get anything to eat before it was too late. The charge for the meal was one dollar and I replied that as I had no money to pay for it I would go without. Hearing of this the proprietor had me come in anyhow saying it was customary to help a man down in his luck. I remember the head of the culinary department was a big negro, perhaps originally a ship's cook who had deserted. He insisted on filling up my plate with every article the table offered.

Imagine my surprise when in a recent reading of Hittell's History of California I came upon this very incident told with such exactness of detail as to leave no doubt in my mind of its being the one in which I took part. This instance he quotes from "Three Years in California,"

a book by a young Englishman named Borthwick, describing his experiences in early days. He was undoubtedly my chance traveling companion. I little thought at the time that this stranger was collecting material for a book, much less that in after years, out of the mass of anecdote that Hittell had at hand to quote from in writing his history, he would select one in which I figured.¹

Most of the claims on the river were worked by little groups of men in partnership. As I stated before, I was nearly six feet tall, but very slight, pale, and youthful-looking. When I would ask for work at the different camps, they would look me over and reply, "Oh, yes, we've work for a man but not for a boy." Naturally this got to be pretty disheartening and monotonous. I was much dejected when I reached "Parks's" Bar, the last but one on the river — Cedar Bar being the lowest. My money was all gone and no work was in sight. I put up for the night at the hotel there and went out to look for work. There was a wing-dam just below on the river and I approached one of the men and asked for a job. He directed me to a fine looking young fellow not more than twenty-five or -six, the owner, who was standing on the dam superintending the work. To him I repeated my request, only to meet the usual reply that there was work for men but not for boys. But I was desperate by this time.

"D—mn it!" I retorted. "That is what they've told me all along the river. Won't you give me a chance to see what I can do?"

"Do you think you can run one of those wheelbarrows over there?" he asked.

"Well if I can't I can quit," I retorted.

"That is the right spirit, my boy. You can go at it tomorrow morning."

"What wages?" I inquired.

"Same as the others — sixteen dollars per day," he replied.

The next morning I went to work with a vim. I was so anxious to prove myself useful that half the time I went on a run with my barrow.

A wing-dam differs from an ordinary dam in that it encloses only a small portion of the river-bed near the bank. As an example one might take a segment of a circle formed by a chord and the circumference, the bank representing the chord and the dam the circumference.

Not only the river bed within the confines of the dam but also the earth from the bank was washed.

In the middle of the dam, a pumping station was erected of scaf-

¹ Cf. Hittell, *History of California*, Vol. 3, pp. 183-184, and Borthwick, *Three Years in California*, pp. 254-256.

folding extending over the river. Here a man was stationed to pump water up out of the river to run into the quicksilver machine. These were on the same principle as rockers, only larger, and with quicksilver coated riffles, which stood near by. The pump-man's job was one that required some care and skill, as it was essential that the stream of water flowing into the machines should be steady and even, not jerky and variable. He received \$20.00 a day.

My own job was wheeling barrows full of dirt from the bank where it was excavated down a long plank and along the top of the dam to the machines, where it was emptied.

Brown's Valley is only about fifteen miles from "Parks's" Bar, and there fifty years later my eldest son began his career in mining; a rather singular coincidence.

In spite of the great expense of living (my board was \$25 per week), and the high wages he was obliged to pay his men, the owner of the wing-dam cleared five thousand a day. The river gold was in little fine pieces, like fish scales, and the washing of it had to be done very carefully. The particles were so fine and light that they were apt to flirt out of the rockers into the river unless the utmost precaution was observed. Every three or four hours during the day they would clean up the gold. This method of washing out gold was necessarily very crude and wasteful. Just across the river an old Missourian, who had brought his family across the plains, had taken up a ranch. This old fellow was in the habit of coming over every day with his pan. Holding it under the stream of water issuing from the bottom of the machines into the river and rewashing the refuse he made fifteen to twenty dollars a day.

It is an undoubted fact that thousands and thousands of dollars worth of gold ran to waste into the river. But in spite of that the owner of the dam made big money.

Once while working here at "Parks's" Bar, I had a queer encounter with a gambler. With some fellow miners I was watching the monte table in a gambling place there. Although the gambling fraternity always had plenty of coin piled on the tables, it was very rarely seen among the miners, gold dust being the usual form of currency. In some way however, I had gotten hold of two silver dollars and I staked them at the monte table. I won steadily and quit with one hundred and ninety-five dollars.

The next day I happened to go to Marysville in a little bus that ran down there from "Parks's" Bar. The only other passenger was the monte dealer of the previous evening. He did not look at all like a gambler but was pleasant and respectable appearing. He eyed me

sharply, and at length inquired if I was not the young fellow who had won from him last night. I replied that I was. He asked the amount and I told him.

"I am very sorry. It's a pity that you won," said he. "It will probably be the ruination of you."

Then he talked to me like a Dutch uncle, showing me that the advantages all lay with the gambler and that even with an honest dealer, the man who played against him would be the loser in the end.

His warning, though well meant, was quite unnecessary, as gambling has never possessed any attraction for me, although whenever I tried my hand at it I have always been lucky. In after years in Grass Valley I met a man who knew this gambler.

It was during my stay here at "Parks's" Bar that I cast my first vote. I have forgotten all but the mere fact. The election was probably some local one. Although under legal age I always voted from that time on. Any such slight irregularity occasioned no comment at a time when teamsters voted at each polling place reached in the day's journey.

As I previously stated, dysentery caused by drinking river water was very prevalent. In all the placer mines the men died like sheep. Our pump-man was stricken with it. As no one else seemed to want the job I volunteered. The owner exclaimed in derision.

"You can't do it. You can't stand it a week."

"That is just what you said about the first job," I retorted. "Let me try at any rate."

"All right," he rejoined. "Go ahead."

So I went.

This work was very hard and it was terrifically hot on the platform in the broiling sun. It must have registered one hundred and fifty often. If you laid down an iron bar in the sun, it would be so hot a few minutes later that it could not be taken up with the bare hands.

Naturally I would get very hot and thirsty and whenever I stopped pumping for a few minutes I would take a drink. There was a spring some distance up the hill, too far for easy access, and water brought from there in a jar soon became too hot to drink, so I was in the habit of jumping down and drinking from the river. The inevitable result was that I, too, soon sickened.

Owing to the nature of this disease, I decided not to remain in the tent with my former companions, but took my blankets and sought the shelter of a manzanita bush up on the hill and away from the trail. Every day toward evening, I would crawl down the trail to the spring

and fill a jar with water and buy a few soda crackers at the store. This was my only fare.

One day some of the men with whom I had worked happened along and were much astonished at seeing me.

"What on earth are you doing up there?" they demanded. "We wondered what had become of you. What's the matter?"

I told them and they insisted that I come down to camp and stay with them. I demurred at first, but they finally persuaded me. As I steadfastly refused to bunk in with them, they erected a little arbor of pine boughs alongside their tent and I put my blankets in there.

After they brought me down from the hill to the little arbor they had made for me I was in terrible distress from cramps, so they went for a doctor from Cedar Bar. On his arrival, he found me in great agony with my knees drawn up to my chin and unable to straighten out. He immediately demanded mustard, but as none could be obtained in the entire camp, he directed my friends to fry flapjacks very large and thick and apply them to my abdomen. This they did, bringing them right from the frying pan and so hot they almost blistered the skin. A singular use for flapjacks certainly, but they proved a very efficacious remedy for in a short time I was quite relieved of my pain.

The doctor continued to attend me and at the close of each visit would weigh out his sixteen dollars (or an ounce) from my bag of gold-dust. He repeated his visits, although he did me little good, until the gold-dust began to run low. Then he ceased to come, probably thinking I was going to die anyway.

In spite of the fact that I was so ill and so many others had died of the same disease, being young and strong, I never thought of dying on my own part.

The old Missourian's wife and daughter were very kind and brought me milk-toast to eat. This was a great delicacy in those days and I began to improve slowly.

As the rainy season had now set in I decided, when I was sufficiently well to travel, to go up higher into the foothills of the Sierras. Accordingly in the latter part of September I took my blankets on my back and started for Nevada City.

On account of my weakness I made rather slow progress. I reached Pot Hill on the first day and spent the night at the toll house, having come by the way of Smartsville — afterwards famous for its rich gravel mines. The following day I made Rough and Ready, then a flourishing camp, and stayed there over night at the hotel. At that time there was a population of several hundred miners. Saloons and gambling houses lined both sides of the road. The gold of the region

around Rough and Ready was famed for its beautiful color. I never in any mining camp saw a handsomer or greater display of gold than that piled up on the gambling tables there.

I went on to Nevada City next morning, intending to locate in that camp. On making my purpose known to one acquaintance, he advised me not to stay there as most of the claims were already located, but to go down to Grass Valley, four miles below, where he thought chances would be better.

I set out the next morning but mistaking the road I came around over the hills and into Boston Ravine, a mile below. In those days you might say that Grass Valley and Boston Ravine were two distinct settlements; though now they are one. The latter was the older and more flourishing. It was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning of the twentieth of September, 1850, when I arrived in the town where I was destined to spend the greater part of my life, till 1896, more than forty years.

The winter had begun early and a light fall of snow powdered the ground. The first person I encountered in Grass Valley was a Frenchman named La Marque, who attired in a figured white shirt, red sash worn Mexican fashion, and black trousers, made a rather odd and picturesque figure as he stood in the middle of the road smoking a long-stemmed pipe.²

In response to my inquiry about the chances of getting breakfast he stated it was too late, but that I could get crackers and cheese at the grocery store near by. On learning that I came from Boston and vicinity, he said that there were a good many men from that city, in fact the first settlers had come from there and that accounted for the camp's name.

He brought around a man, by the name of [George] Darling, whom I had known in the East. This man had been a druggist there, but now went by the title of Doctor and added the practice of medicine to his usual occupation of mining. He afterwards went home and entered the drug business in Boston. I saw him there when I went east.

He greeted me very cordially that morning in Boston Ravine, and invited me to come and stay in the cabin which he occupied with three or four other men, all Yankees, and I gladly accepted.

Soon after reaching Grass Valley I celebrated my seventeenth birthday on October ninth 1850. When I first arrived in town I weighed myself and found my weight to be only one hundred and one pounds. I was a veritable skeleton.

² Cf. Bean, *History and Directory of Nevada County*, 1867, where it is stated that B. L. Lamarque, a musician, purchased the first store in Boston Ravine from Jules Rosiere in May, 1850.

My illness still clung to me and at first I was only able to help with the cooking. In those days a cook stove was very rare and all our cooking was done over an open fire. We had large iron kettles that hung on cranes, in which we cooked our beans; frying pans for bacon and flapjacks; and tin kitchens, and old Dutch ovens for the baking of bread and biscuit.

A big pot of beans always hung over the fire all day. They were our staple article of food and were intended for supper, but as each of my partners came in from work he would help himself to a plateful from the kettle; and as any friends who happened in would do the same, by the time the dinner hour arrived the beans would be all gone.

It was simple enough to cook biscuits in a reflector but the baking of bread in the Dutch oven was quite an art. One man became quite an expert and a good many of his fellow miners, myself among them, hired him to bake for us. We cooked game by hanging it before a fire by a twisted string.

The Frenchman, La Marque, was the proud possessor of a regular spit, run by clockwork, which would roast a dozen quail at once.

My friends had worked the gravel in the ravine that runs down back of where ["Billy"] Campbell's store now stands, previous to my coming. But they had abandoned it. As the ravine widened out the streak of pay dirt narrowed to about a foot in width, and it did not pay them to work it. They suggested however that I should take the horse and cart they had used and hire an old darkey, named Isidor, and work it. This I accordingly did and made good profit all winter.

The old darkey had been a slave, but as California was a free State he was now free and was saving most of the eight dollars per day wages I paid him, to buy his wife's liberty.³

Many slaves were brought out from the South by their masters and some of them remained with their former owners for some time even after they reached this State. The Shoemaker family brought out several of their slaves with them, and a Southerner worked a gravel mine below Rough and Ready by the labor of the slaves he brought to this country.

When I and the darkey filled the cart with gravel we would take it down to Wolf Creek and wash it out in a "long tom."

A small dam had been built a little above and the water conducted in a flume to the head of the "tom," a long box with the ends turned

³ Not an unusual occurrence in the mines.

up like the runners of a sled. At the farther end was a screen made of a piece of sheet iron perforated with holes about the size of a man's finger, and below this screen was another smaller box with riffles on the bottom. A load of dirt and rocks was dumped into the "tom" and as the stream of water washed it through, a man shoveled back against the current, throwing out the large stones and rocks. The water and finer gravel passed through the holes in the screen and into the lower box. There the riffles caught the gold and the water and waste passed into the creek.

This same winter of "fifty" and "fifty-one" I worked a claim I took up in Woodpecker Ravine, over near where Barker's ranch is now. I lived alone in a cabin, a lonesome existence on wild winter nights. I later sold the claim for one hundred and fifty dollars.

That first winter the rainfall was very light and the ground was so dry that I frequently walked to town in my slippers.

Every month a man went down to San Francisco with a list of names and got the mail, charging each man a dollar apiece for every letter he brought him.

When I first came to Grass Valley it well deserved its name. It was a beautiful little valley lying between hills thickly covered with first-growth pine. These huge trees rose sheer for thirty or forty feet before branching and towered for two hundred or three hundred feet in the air. The ground between the great trunks was clear of underbrush and one could walk freely in any direction. It was not until after the first-growth pines had been cut down and the second growth began to grow up that any underbrush found a foot hold.

The upper part of the valley where it broadened out was covered with grass waist-high, hence the name, and Wolf Creek ran through it clear as crystal.

These lovely features did not long remain in their pristine freshness. The clear waters of the creek were soon muddied by the refuse from the mining operations. The rich surface soil was either washed over for gold or else was scraped off in order to reach bed-rock. In after years, the soil was replaced in all that portion toward Hill's Flat, and vegetable gardens and fruit orchards were planted.

This portion of the valley had been fenced by a man named Bowen. He intended cutting the tall grass and making it into hay, which sold for fifty dollars a ton. Some prospectors, however, discovering gold near by, drove him off and staked out his hay field in mining claims. As the rights of miners took precedence over those of agricul-

turists at that time, he had no redress and was obliged to go further out of town.⁴

Sawmills were erected and the hills were denuded of their ancient covering, which was turned out in material for the habitations and needs of intruding man. The price of living was very high. With the advent of men with families, more home products, luxuries in those days, were obtainable. Cows and chickens were brought out across the plains and milk and eggs could now be had if one had the money to pay for them. Eggs often sold for six dollars a dozen or fifty cents apiece. One man made quite a little fortune raising hogs. Sucking pigs sold for sixteen dollars.

The first Thanksgiving I spent there, I walked nearly down to Rough and Ready, three miles or so, and paid an ounce (sixteen dollars) for a can of cranberry sauce. Flour at the time of the high water at Sacramento in the winter of 'fifty-two and 'fifty-three brought fifty dollars apiece for fifty-pound sacks. This was due to the difficulty in obtaining it. A woolen shirt was six dollars and poor quality at that.

As I stated before, the dysentery that I had contracted in the Yuba River, still persisted in spite of my friend Dr. Darling's doses of laudanum, etc., and I was in a very bad way.

The Washington Hotel, the largest ever built in Boston Ravine, was kept by Carson and Pat Mooney. The latter was living with a Spanish woman nominally considered his wife and who spoke no English. Seeing my sick and cadaverous appearance, she got her husband to ask me what the trouble was. On learning she said,

"Tell him to come back here tomorrow and I will give him something that will cure him."

I did so and she handed me a bottle containing a light yellow liquid and instructed me, through her husband, to take a teaspoonful three times a day and be very careful not to increase the dose under any circumstances. I followed her injunctions implicitly and in a short time was completely cured. Naturally much gratified, I went to her to

⁴ "But in 1850, when Grass Valley was the 'camp,' two men fenced 'in a natural meadow. Here they could annually cut two heavy crops of hay, which was worth eighty dollars per ton; they counted upon receiving at least four hundred dollars per acre that year. However, before a month had elapsed, a prospector climbed the brush fence, sunk a shaft through the soil, struck 'pay gravel,' and in less than twenty-four hours the whole hay-ranch was staked out in claims of fifty feet square; and, as tradition reports, the ravaged proprietors, through neglect or inability, did not obtain a single claim. The tract was not property, in the miners' definition. The possessors had fenced it, subject to the risk that there might be mineral there. They ought to have prospected it for themselves first, and whisped the secret thereof to their intimate friends: so the sturdy red-shirted, blue-overalled miners said."—Shinn, *Mining Camps*.

express my thanks and to endeavor to find out the nature of the remedy. She told me it was a tea made from the leaves of the manzanita bush but refused to give me the recipe, saying that, in the hands of an inexperienced person it might be very dangerous. Its astringent properties were so powerful, that an over-dose would prove fatal.

This Pat Mooney was one of the most desperate men that was ever in Grass Valley. He was covered with scars received in former fights. It was said that he had been a bandit in Mexico before coming to California. He and his partner, after keeping the hotel together for some years, finally quarreled, and he set fire to the hotel, burning it to the ground, and with it his partner's wife, a beautiful woman, and her baby. Carson himself escaped. There was no positive proof of Mooney's guilt although suspicion pointed strongly to him. He had been seen by men working at the Empire Mill, then situated in Boston Ravine, to emerge from the house in the moonlight, before the fire started. He was not prosecuted however, and soon after he left town.

Considering the lawless times and the tough characters that the discovery of gold had attracted to California from all parts of the world, there was very little serious trouble in Grass Valley. Desperadoes were almost unknown. There were frequent fist fights, especially between the men of Boston Ravine and the Irish colony that settled down around Allison Ranch, but shooting scrapes were rare and no one ever attempted to "shoot up the place."

There were of course, the usual number of saloons, gambling dens, and dance halls full of Spanish women, in full blast. But no one was molested by them and a man never got into trouble unless he was looking for it.

Among those who came here in the early days were a good many ex-convicts, ticket-of-leave men from Australia; "Sydney ducks" as they were called. The majority of these were hardened characters, but some who had probably been transported for the lesser offenses turned out to be very decent fellows. I know a few who, whatever their past had been, led decent lives here.

When I first came to Grass Valley there was but one English speaking woman [Mrs. Wheeler] there, all the rest being Mexicans or Spanish. As men with wives and families came, churches and schools were soon founded.

Although in any new country there is more rudeness than conventionality, I make the assurance that there is very little truth in the pictures of life and character drawn by some California writers with more love of sensation than of accuracy. I speak only of life, as I saw it, in the mines. With life in San Francisco I am less familiar. Of

course gambling and drinking were indulged in to a great extent in the dearth of other amusements. But to represent the pioneers of that day as all libertines and rogues is a gross libel on their memories.

The first church founded in Grass Valley was the Methodist, the Congregational being the second I believe.

I know that the Methodists had a bell soon after their organization, for on the occasion of the second wedding in town, that of Jerry [J. P.] Stone and Rosa Farrington, we gave them a grand "chivaree" and had the Methodist church bell on wheels. On that momentous occasion it received a crack in its voice from which it has never recovered. From the standpoint of noise that affair was a howling success. A wedding was such an event that we celebrated in fine style.

Mr. [J. M.] Campbell, the blacksmith [from Maine],⁵ made a devil's fiddle. This was a box on wheels with holes in the sides through which they drew a leather thong, making a truly infernal racket.

The first schools were started by private individuals, the pioneers having been taught by Miss Rosa Farrington, later the bride whose wedding I just described.⁶ Early in the fifties a Mrs. Page came to Boston Ravine. She gave music lessons and had the only piano in town. It was destined to meet a tragic fate. Most of the trees had been cut down in the immediate center of Boston Ravine, but some still remained. One large pine stood right near several dwellings, Mrs. Page's among them. It had been considered a menace to safety for some time, but no one could be found to fell it. At last one man who said he had been a lumberman and had had experience in felling or, falling trees as they say in the woods, undertook the job. Either the wind took the tree or he miscalculated the distance, for it crashed through the music teacher's house and smashed her piano into smithereens.

The most remarkable experience with a falling tree that I ever heard of, was that of my friend Tom Cracklin and his wife. One stormy evening the wind blew over a tree standing near their cabin. It crashed down through the roof and fell directly between them, just missing them both. They were sitting on either side of the fireplace. When they stood up they could only just see each other over it.

Another instance of a falling tree ended more disastrously. A Frenchman who lived alone was killed by a tree coming down through his roof and crushing his skull as he lay asleep. I once saw a big sound pine that snapped off about thirty feet from the ground, a very unusual but fortunate occurrence, for if it had broken off near the roots it

⁵ His shop was a political gathering place, a place to arbitrate disputes.

⁶ Rosanna Farrington opened the first school in Grass Valley, in 1851.

would have crashed through the roof of a miners' boarding-house and would have crushed out the lives of many sleeping men. As it was the top in falling raked all the clapboards off the side of the building without injuring any one. In after years a tree, one of the few survivals of the primeval forest, stood in the yard of my house in Mill Street. Although I had no fear of its falling, some of the neighbors had, and to set their minds at rest I had it hewn down.

Hitherto all the claims located around Grass Valley had been placer or gravel claims. But in December 1850, Tom Cracklin discovered the first quartz ledge on Gold Hill. As soon as the fact became known, a meeting of all the miners was called on top of Gold Hill. Here rules and laws to govern quartz mining were framed. No one had had any experience with the business in hand, as was shown by the ludicrous mistakes that were made. It was agreed that quartz claims should be located just as gravel claims had been, that is, each claim should measure thirty by forty feet. This was a perfect farce as regarded quartz mining as we afterwards learned. The present law for locating quartz claims being fifteen hundred feet on the ledge with dips and angles and three hundred feet on each side of the ledge for working facilities. At that time a man owned all the ground within his boundaries clear through to China, and no attention was paid to dips and angles.

We all staked out our claims, a stake at each corner and one in the center with number and name, and a man was appointed to keep the records. They went by numbers. Tom Cracklin staked out the first one. I took up two claims. The laws were that a man should do a certain amount of work every ten days, and should leave a pick and a shovel stuck in the ground to show possession. No one was allowed to dump the dirt from his own claim on to that of his neighbor. So as the claims were so small, one half of a claim was worked at a time and the dirt excavated piled up on the other half. When the first half was worked out the dirt would be thrown over onto that other side, and the second half begun on. This laborious process was necessary as the claims were so close together.

I dug two holes on my locations and stuck a pick in one and a shovel in the other, and went back to the gravel claim I was working. Some time after I went up on Gold Hill and found, to my surprise, two Jews — father and son — working my claims. I told them they were on my ground and called their attention to my tools, asking them what they meant. They admitted that they were trespassing and offered to leave, but as I did not care about working the claims myself. I said they might stay, and they worked them out. Some of the near-by

claims were quite rich, but mine were not, and I doubt if the Jews made more than three or four thousand out of them.

At first the only way of crushing the quartz was by grinding it up by hand with a mortar and pestle.

Besides the claims that the Jews worked, I owned some others on Gold Hill in partnership with Judge [James] Walsh and several other men. We held a meeting in Judge Walsh's office, the house afterward occupied by Lola Montez and later owned by the Bosworth family.

In our utter ignorance of quartz mining we decided to run a tunnel instead of sinking a shaft, a most foolish proceeding as we afterwards found. We let the contract for the tunnel to a Dutchman and he made twenty-five or thirty dollars a day for two or three weeks, whereas, we could have sunk a shaft at much less expense in a few days. Then too the ground was soft, with little need of blasting and no trouble from water. After the tunnel was completed, we took out the rock and had it crushed at the first stamp-mill erected in the camp. The mill was a small affair run by water and owned by a German in Boston Ravine. The rock ran forty-nine dollars to the ton, and we paid fifty dollars for crushing. As we were not getting rich at that rate we abandoned the claim. Some time later Mr. [Carvel] Conaway came to Grass Valley and built a mill, and relocating the claim, made money out of it.⁷

In 1851, I located the Massachusetts Hill with Billy Chollar, afterward the locator of the famous Chollar-Potosi mine in the State of Nevada. I took up ten claims and sold them the same year to a man for ten thousand dollars. I received four thousand dollars down and took his note for the remainder. He failed and went back east and I never received the balance due me.

In that same year I was one of the locators of the North Star. Eight or ten Frenchmen had discovered the ledge and wished to locate it. They could not speak English so applied to a fellow countryman, a teamster for Thompson who had a store in Boston Ravine. This teamster acted as interpreter. As the Frenchmen did not understand the mining laws, Thompson, George Montgomery, and myself offered to go down and help them locate. The Frenchmen each took up eighty feet on the ledge with dips and angles. These were the first claims to be located that way in Grass Valley. In order to hold the title they had to do one hundred dollars' worth of work each year.⁸

At the same time I located ten claims on the extension of the North

⁷ Bean, *loc. cit.*, says that the first quartz mill in Grass Valley was an experimental affair erected in 1850 by Dr. Wittenbach for J. Wright.

⁸ Bean says that this party called themselves the "Helvetia and Lafayette Company," indicating that some of them were Swiss.

Star ledge, down on the flat. Later I re-located them and worked them, taking out two crushings of ore. Many years after I was able by my testimony as to the method of locating and the boundary lines to render valuable service in the litigation arising over the suit brought by the Irish American Company against the Massachusetts Hill and North Star Company in 1896. My testimony for the latter decided the suit in their favor.

At the same time, 1851, I bought into the Rose Hill which did not pay.

In 'fifty-two, I bought one-fourth of the Ben Franklin out on the Colfax road. We ran a tunnel, in the winter of 'fifty-two and -three, and hauled the rock to the Empire Mill in Boston Ravine. We paid three dollars per ton for hauling and twelve dollars for crushing. The mine did not pay and we sold it to the Empire Company. They continued to work it and took out eighty thousand dollars in a couple of years. Later events show that the amalgamator at the mill had been stealing, which accounted for the rock not having paid us. He went back east with the snug little sum he had appropriated and settled down on a farm.

I was one of the locators of the Cincinnati Hill, which did not pay me. I also bought into the Omaha, but it was sold in later years while I was east and I was euchered out of my share, never receiving a red cent for my interest. The selling price was not very great however.

GREAT TIMES IN GRASS VALLEY

In 1851, while working my claim on Massachusetts Hill I built a cabin for myself near by on the same hill. It was the first in camp built of boards, and the lumber cost me fifty dollars per thousand feet. The total expense amounted to several hundred dollars. It consisted of one large room and a lean-to. I installed a small cook stove which I had purchased at one hundred and fifty dollars. It was quite a high-toned elegant residence for that day; at least, so my fellow-citizens thought. Soon after its completion I made a trip up to North San Juan and during my absence my friends devoted their leisure to suitably decorating it to show their appreciation. On my return my residence presented an astonishing appearance. Every available inch of the outside walls was covered with a disreputable array of cast off clothing, hats, coats, shirts, and shoes as thick as they could stick. On the front was a huge placard bearing the inscription "Frank Morse's Jew Shop"; it was indeed an interesting spectacle.

Not long after this little attention on the part of my friends, a circus

came to town. Among other tricks was the time honored diversion of the countryman who offers to ride in the ring. As the equestrian began to peel off his old coat, hat, vest, and so on, one of the men in the audience yelled,

"Say fellers that's a regular Frank Morse's Jew Shop."

It brought down the house.

I lived in my Jew Shop with Frank Hale, a Haverhill man. He was a comical fellow and full of the "old Harry." We were working together on my claims, sinking a shaft. After we got down some distance the air became so bad that in order to work we must have some sort of ventilation.

The simplest and usual method was to make pipe of canvas distended at intervals by little sticks, and lay this with one end at the bottom of the shaft and the other connecting with a piece of stove-pipe, which led from a rude stove or oven of stones near by at the top of the shaft. A fire built in this stove created a draft and afforded good air. But in order to carry out this plan of ventilation, it was necessary to have the canvas for the hose and some stove-pipe. We had neither and I said I did not see where we were going to get them.

"Oh," said Hale, "That's easy, I'll get the canvas tonight."

Not far away, in Grass Valley, was a small ring owned by two men who were in the habit of holding dog and also cock fights in it on Saturday nights and Sundays. This pit was covered with canvas. Hale paid the place a visit one night and cut away a large piece of the canvas roof and made off with it. We now had the material for the hose but the question was where to get the stove-pipe. Hale however, was quite equal to the problem.

Just down the hill from our claim a Dutchman and his wife, by the name of Van Ness, kept a boarding house. Being built on the side hill the roof at the back was easily reached from the bank above. It was just before supper time and Mrs. Van Ness was busy preparing the evening meal for her boarders, as the smoke issuing from her kitchen stove pipe indicated.

On this same stove-pipe, Frank Hale had fixed a covetous eye. It was just what we needed to complete our ventilation plant. Watching his chance he stole up back of the house and grasping the stove-pipe wrenched it loose with one yank and hugging the hot pipe to his breast, made off with it up the hill, as fast as he could leg it.

When he described to me how he got the pipe, I roared with laughter. Many times since I have laughed over the recollection and thought I would have given a good deal to have seen that woman's face and to

have known what she thought when she beheld her stove-pipe vanishing bodily.

We completed our ventilating scheme next day.

At about this same time, 1851, I made a trip over to French Corral to locate claims at Brush Creek and while there heard of a family who had dogs and poultry. They were Missourians who had crossed the plains bringing with them considerable live stock. I bought two hound-pups at an ounce apiece and, although the man's wife was unwilling to part with them, also succeeded in obtaining two hens and a rooster by paying ten dollars apiece for them. I tied the pups in one sack and the fowls in another and hung one on each side of my saddle. I returned home in triumph attended by squawks from the one sack and yaps from the other.

I also purchased six hens from old man Bowen, paying ten dollars apiece, and raised about one hundred and fifty chickens. I never sold either eggs or chickens, but gave away what were not stolen. On one occasion some fellows stole some of my poultry and took them down to a near-by hotel to be cooked, expecting to enjoy a chicken dinner. One of the fellows told me of it and I went down and reconnoitered. While I treated the thieves and prospective chicken diners in the bar-room, this man lurked around the kitchen and, watching his opportunity, snatched the pot of nicely cooked fowls and made for Cracklin's Hotel, where we dined in style, thus successfully turning the tables on the crowd who had anticipated dining off the spoils of our roost.

Across the ravine from us lived a Frenchman who owned a pet monkey. This little beast was in the habit of paying us unexpected and unwelcome visits. He was cute and amusing but got to be a great nuisance. Once some of the men came to my cabin in my absence and found Mr. Monkey sitting in the window brushing his teeth with my toothbrush. They said it was a most comical sight. I failed to appreciate it, however, especially as I found that he had also amused himself by dipping into a can of gold dust that I had there and throwing it all around the room.

I had a setting hen in a barrel turned on its side and around at the back of my cabin. One day on coming home I discovered that mischievous monkey sitting on the ground before the barrel. He had driven the hen from the nest and was keeping her off with one hand, so to speak, while he threw each egg in turn up in the air with the other. The eggs had been very near hatching and as each one broke he would poke the chick inside with his finger.

I was furious at this fresh destruction of my property, and seizing my pistol I fired and hit the little fellow in the cheek. Screeching and

chattering the wounded monkey made for home as fast as he could on three legs, holding one paw to his cheek like a human being. I was sorry the minute I saw that I had hurt him and went over next day to try to make my peace with the owner and to inquire for the little fellow. The patient was in his master's bed and the minute he saw me he began to jabber and scold violently. The Frenchman was also very angry at me. The monkey recovered but neither he nor his owner ever quite forgave me. I was never annoyed by him after that and the little fellow would retreat to a safe place whenever I approached his master's cabin.

Rattlesnakes were very common at that time. One morning I sprang out of bed and landed astride of one that was coiled ready to spring. Again we found one coiled up in our frying pan. Another time I had a setter and young pups in the same barrel where I had had the hen setting when the monkey paid her the visit. The present maternal occupant also had an unpleasant experience.

I heard the dog barking and growling in much excitement and distress and on going to investigate I found the dog outside barking at a large rattler that lay coiled up at the mouth of the barrel and between the mother and her pups. I got my gun and fired. I was never able to find head nor tail of the snake but the body was flattened against a fence nearby and in it was a big rat. That Mr. Snake had had for dinner a rat and not satisfied had wished a pup for dessert.

I always had a horror of snakes. But I knew a man who used to catch them and carry them around in the bosom of his shirt, after extracting their fangs.

One night the greater part of Boston Ravine was having a grand blow-out. Hale and I however were sitting quietly at home, when we heard the most infernal racket, bumping and screeching. As we were wondering what it was all about, the door flew open and in staggered Charlie Cracklin. He was as full as he could hold and was lugging a half grown pig.

"Sh-h," he warned us, "I have stolen a hog. Keep still. Don't make a noise."

The idea of being admonished to silence with the pig rousing the whole neighborhood and making the welkin ring with its squeals of protest was too much for our gravity. Just down the road from us, toward the creek, a man and wife had a boarding house and kept pigs under the front porch. Cracklin, on the way home from the jollification, thought it a good opportunity to steal a shoat and crawling under the porch made off with one. He killed the pig, cut it up, and had plenty of pork for some time.

I have mentioned before my propensity for caricaturing. I still occasionally tried my hand at it. I drew a picture of an old Dutchman in Boston Ravine. It was pretty good, if I do say so, and when he got hold of it he was furious. He told me I ought to be ashamed of myself and threatened to send it to my father and let him know how disgracefully I acted. It afforded me much amusement.

There was living in Boston Ravine at one time a desperate character, who had been a Texas Ranger. He was a famous pistol shot. He thought nothing of shooting the necks off bottles at long range. His most spectacular performance was to select the ten spot from a deck of cards, fasten it up across the road from the principal store, and proceed to shoot out one spot after another, seldom missing his aim. He left there and went down on the Yuba River where he became involved in a quarrel with a fine young fellow and challenged him to a duel. The bully boasted to his friends beforehand of the way he intended to dispose of the young man. Indeed the poor inexperienced lad had no chance but fell at the first fire with a bullet through his heart. Although much indignation was felt over the matter, nothing was done about it and the fellow afterwards went to Stockton where he met his fate. While sleeping off the effects of a debauch in the back room of a saloon the place burned down and he perished in the flames.

While living in Boston Ravine, I attended a lynching at Rough and Ready. An Indian had attacked and murdered a teamster near there and indignation ran high. The citizens of Rough and Ready sent a description of the man to the chief of the tribe of that neighborhood and demanded that he surrender the murderer. This the chief accordingly did. They had their principal camp down below the "North Star."

The Indian was tried and sentenced to be hanged on the spot where the crime had been committed. A large number of miners from Grass Valley attended the execution. A rope was fastened to a branch of a tree and a couple of packing boxes placed underneath the fellow, who, maintaining his native stolidity throughout, was stood upon the boxes, the noose adjusted and the boxes kicked away. He fell kicking and struggling and strangled to death, a horrible sight.

Some of his tribesmen had waited near by, and as soon as the body had been cut down, they took it on their shoulders and started across hills with it to their camp. They were relieved at intervals by fresh relays of men, and so quickly did they travel that, although I was on horseback, before I reached my cabin in Boston Ravine they had arrived at their settlement and were having a great "cry" over the body.

In the spring of 'fifty a few months before I came to Grass Valley,

in fact, before I had landed in California, two brothers, by the name of [Samuel and George] Holt, had just built a sawmill down on the creek about where Perein's ranch is now. They were in the habit of enticing the Indian women and girls into the mill and insulting them.

When the bucks learned of this they rose in their wrath and, attacking the mill one night, killed one of the Holts [Samuel] and severely wounded the other with their arrows, and burned down the mill. On learning of this uprising, word was sent to camp Far West and a detachment of soldiers was sent up, and joined by some of the miners from Grass Valley, went down and killed several Indians in retaliation.⁹ This always seemed most uncalled for to me, as the Indians were perfectly justified in resenting the insult to their women.

When I was living on Massachusetts Hill, several of us went down to the Indian village, near the North Star, to attend a grand council.

Old Chief Weimar [Wee-mah], the head of the Digger tribe at that time, was quite an intelligent, good sort of an Indian.¹⁰ The council chamber was a lodge or wigwam made of poles and covered with strips of bark. We got seats on the ground in the front row, the dress circle so to speak, and on the edge of the large clear space in the center. On one side of this stood a line of young bucks and on the other, facing them, a line of young girls. The bucks were clad only in a breech-clout and the girls in a little apron.

The men executed a dance, which consisted simply of hopping first on one foot and then on the other to the accompaniment of grunts, "huh, huh"; which served as music. The girls also danced, keeping time to the measure with little wands that they held in their hands.

My partner and three neighbors had fine voices and were in the habit of singing in quartette; so after the performance they offered to sing, and rendered several vocal selections which appeared to please the aboriginal ear mightily.

In those early days, women were conspicuous by their absence at dances; so a certain number of men were detailed to take the part of ladies by wearing a distinguishing mark.

Many a time I have danced all night with a handkerchief tied around my arm to denote that I was, for that evening, a lady. In that far away time of my youth I was a great devotee of dancing and often went some distance to attend a party and frequently kept it up all night and until it was time to go to work the next morning. Once a lot of us went to a dance at Rough and Ready, where the Compton brothers furnished the music on two violins. As a rule the musicians were some

⁹ Cf. Bean, *loc. cit.*, pp. 186-87.

¹⁰ A hospital near Colfax has been named for him.

of our fellow miners as on this occasion. I came home on horseback in a pouring rain.

In 'fifty-two I sold my cabin on Massachusetts Hill and went out to the Ben Franklin mine where I and my partners were running a tunnel. Sometimes after the day's work, we would run a foot race into town, three miles distance. The last man in had to pay for an oyster supper. There was only one man who could outstrip me and he was a little bandy-legged fellow, but he could go like a greyhound. We would strike a leisurely sort of dog-trot and after the first mile we would get our second wind and then it seemed as if we could go on indefinitely.

Near my cabin, when I lived in Boston Ravine, a man had a large barn and corral for horses. On one occasion I was assisting some men in moving a large hay press. We each had hold of an end of one of the poles, that were beneath it, and were carrying it along the sidehill. I was on the lower side, when the heavy bulk suddenly slipped and slid along the supports toward me. To save myself, I was obliged to brace myself and exert all my strength to keep the great weight from toppling over and crushing me beneath it. Seeing my predicament, men near at hand rushed to my aid and relieved me, not a moment too soon, for when I straightened up I could not see a thing. The strain had been terrific and it was a wonder that I did not burst a blood vessel.

In 'fifty-two I had the first daguerreotype taken to send home by a friend. I had two taken in Nevada City, paying twenty dollars apiece. At that same time I went down to San Francisco to see my friend Mr. Clapp off. This was my first visit to the metropolis since I had landed there.

About this time, a fellow with whom I had a casual acquaintance, was going back to Boston on a visit, and thinking it a good chance to send home some presents to my family, I asked him if he would take a package home for me, and he readily agreed. It was a very foolish proceeding on my part, as I would much better have sent them by Adams Express. The package I entrusted to him contained several beautiful specimens of quartz and some gold nuggets, one about the size of a small hen's-egg and worth fifty dollars. These I intended for my mother. I also inclosed two slugs or fifty dollars apiece, one for my sister Lucy, and one for my niece, Mary Phipps. Besides I sent a handsomely carved and inlaid tortoise-shell cigar case for my brother George. The man only delivered the latter to my brother, saying that he had been robbed or had lost his valuables while crossing the Isthmus of Panama. George thought it strange that he should have managed

to retain the cigar case and so did I. On his return he repeated the same tale to me, but I said nothing about it to him.

A year or two later, the man died of consumption and I helped to nurse him, sitting up with him night after night. He told me not long before his death that he had wronged me and asked forgiveness. Although he made no real confession of what he had done, I surmised that he had disposed of the valuables I entrusted him with, on the Isthmus.

At first there was no coin on this coast, except what was brought in from the east. Gold dust and nuggets formed the usual currency, but it was not long before the coinage of money was begun. The first coining of gold was done by private parties; a man by the name of Kellogg of San Francisco having one of the pioneer mints.

Some of the first coins contained three ounces of gold, being larger than the double eagle of today, and nearly three times as thick. They were octagonal in shape and very roughly finished with a rude figure of a woman, either representing the Goddess of Liberty, or more probably California, on one side.

Once when living on Massachusetts Hill, my partner in cleaning up the cabin found three or four slugs up on a beam in the roof. He questioned me about them, as he said they did not belong to him, so they must be my property. I had been in the habit of keeping "slugs" upon that beam and reaching up for one whenever I needed it. I supposed I had long since exhausted the supply, having quite overlooked those, which remained undisturbed until Hale found them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

JONES' PANTOSCOPE OF CALIFORNIA

(CONCLUDED)

Section Third

A short time before the Emigrant arrives at Hangtown he finds the road branching: The left hand road, brings him to Weberville, a rival of Hangtown. In the Public Plaza, a portion of the emigration have arrived, and an auction is being held to dispose of the remnant of their teams, Withe the scanty pittance thus obtained, for his worn out team and broken wagons, — The Emigrant provides himself with tools and commences digging, or prospecting for gold in the Mountain side. Buoyant with hope, he expects every shovel full of Earth he turns up, to sparkle with the shiney *Aura*, But he learns to work hard and patiently, and wait for the "Good time Coming."

Where ever Gold is found, the streams are deeply imbeded, it is frequently three thousand feet from these Mountain Summits down to the water. The *chilians* have thrown a dam over the stream, to turn its waters through a channel which they have blasted through the rocks. Thus leaving them the bed of the river for Gold working, Our own Party purchased a claim on the upper bar, and worked for some time among the rocks. We cooked, and slept under the tall pine trees, having all out doors, for our bedroom and Kitchen — There is no dew falls on these mountains in the summer season, and the nights are delightful.

"Cold spring" is a fine Specimen of a Californian valley quite a little village is here, and the miners tents are found thickly scattered around the base of the mountains

A Circus Company travelled at an early period through the Dig-gings, and were crowded from night to night, at from \$2 to \$3 per seat. Their tent is seen in the center of the Valley. Here and there, on these ranges are found live oak trees, of large size, and peculiar form, as though they had been bound in their growth by immense vines, and their trunks forced into a spiral, or screw form. [Illustration missing.]

Miners are washing Gold in a "long Tom" this, is a box or trough from 20 to thirty feet in length, with a riddle at the lower extremity, placed at a sufficient angle to give the water great power as it rushes down it. The miners on either side are shoveling in the Earth and stones. Another stirs up the Mass with a long shovel. The gold by its great weight sinks amid the softened mud and sliding along the bottom of the cradle is intercepted by cleets, which are nailed at intervals of from twelve to Eighteen inches, in the riffle box below.

Wherever gold is found, this red, Brick dust-looking soil obtains.



Weberville

WEBERVILLE



HOCK FARM, HOME OF CAPTAIN JOHN A. SUTTER

Water is conveyed to the "long toms" by large Canvass Hose. China men abound in the gold Regions, Honest, industrious, Citizens, Harmless and inoffensive, They become much attached to our institutions, and country — and are great hands to celebrate the fourth of July.

Diamond springs hotel, Our apology for showing the back part of this splendid edifice is, that the front is no better. Though it does not rival the "St. Nicholas," or "Metropolitan" Hotels, in magnificence, or luxury. It far exceeds them in the price of accomodation. We here paid five dollars a day for board, with 50 cts extra for the privelidge of sleeping on the dining table in our own blankets with our saddle for a pillow. [Illustration missing.]

Descending from these lofty mountains, we pass over a Succession of rolling foot hills streaching far in the distance, to the blue base of the coast range Mountains The charming valley of the Sacramento is seen Bedotted with orchard-like groves of the ever green — Live oak, and beautified by the sparkling silvery mountain streams, which meander across it to join the Sacramento River.

A short Journey brings us to Capt Sutters fort, A large "Adobe" fortification, around which gathers much of romance, of interest, and importance, in the history of California. Captain Sutter arrived here sixteen years since a solitary traveller.⁴ — Delighted with the soil, and the climate, he here determined to remain, and establish a free, and independent home. Mexican after Mexican had been driven away, in their attempts to colonize the valley. But persevering, by kindness, and the excercise of skill, and well timed authority, he soon gained such an ascendancy over the tribes, that by their labor alone, this large establishment was erected, The walls are of sundried bricks, or "adobe," all around the interior their are workshops As vessels approached the coast from time, to time, he obtained sailors and workmen By these and himself Indians were instructed and a great number of branches of trade were carried on when war broke out, Mexicans and indians were supplied with clothing, hats, and every thing necessary to humanize, and civilize them Immediately upon the declaration of war against Mexico, Captain Sutter Elevated the stars and stripes over his fort defended them with all his wealth, and power, and gave to freedom a Golden Empire to be the brightest in the constellation

The City of Sacramento is seen as we approach it from San Francisco, It is a faithfull copy of a series of nine daguerotypes taken from the opposite bank, You are able to read the signs of the business men along the landing. [Illustration missing.]

A great amount of shipping is here seen. The moment a vessel

⁴ John Augustus Sutter arrived in 1839.

approached the coast in the years '49 or '50 it was deserted by the crew, who ran off to the gold regions. These vessels have been dismantled, and are used as wharf boats, and Storage Houses are erected upon them which are paying immense revenues.

The steamer senator An Excellent craft was the first to ply regularly between this city and San Francisco, and was for a long period crowded with passengers at fifty dollars a trip. The Confidence and other beautiful boats are now running in opposition, and fare is reduced to one dollar in the deck, and five dollars in the Cabin.

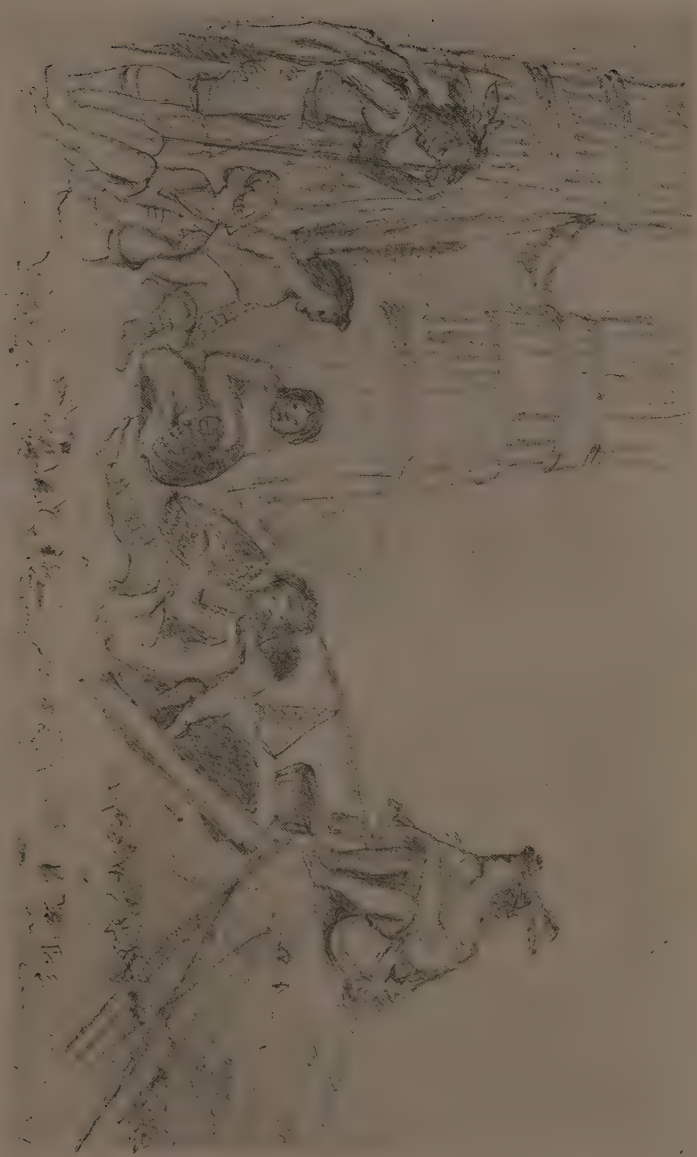
A. Great embankment, or levee, has been thrown around the front of the City to protect it from inundation, to which it is liable during the spring freshets. This levee is nine miles in length and several feet in height and width. It is here seen hiding a portion of the stores.

The principal street in Sacramento is I. street Which extends a mile and a quarter back in the plain. Compactly built, For a couple of blocks gambling saloons prevail, The tall brick building on the corner of I. and second is the "El Dorado."

Quite a commotion is produced among the citizens on the opposite bank by the escape of a couple of villains from the prison brig in the middle of the stream. Numbers are in pursuit while a Jovial—generous hearted old sailor on the bow sprit is bidding them "God speed" out of their difficulties with out stopping for a moment to Enquire how they got into limbo,— Travelling up the Sacramento and Feather River, Indian villiages are found along the banks. One of the most striking of these is the Hock Village near Capt Sutters residence. an old chief who has gained sufficient distinction to wear a couple of feathers is setting upon the House top. These Houses are made by excavating a large Circular hole in the ground, three to five feet in depth over this poles, rushes, and earth, are piled several feet in thickness in an oval form. In these houses the Earth floor is kept dug up in soft pulverised beds,— and here in the summer they delight to roll their naked bodies in the Cool and shade, and damp earth — In three or four years these villages become so infested with vermin that it is necessary to remove them — and deserted villages abound in the Country. The women are weaving willow baskets,— they are loathsome creatures, the worst of slaves.

Those large willow bins are filled with acorns — Thousands of bushels of which are gathered for the years supply of food. Medicine poles are erected and dedicated to the great spirit Encircled with ducks, and geese and such fancy, and brilliant plumaged birds as they can obtain to gratify and appease their Deity. — The "Medicine Man" sits at the base of this pole dressed out in gaudy plumage, somewhat

INDIAN RANCHERIA—HOCK FARM



fantastical. He is a man of great power and influence. Remarkably vain, — He has some right to be so, as his position is attained only through the most intense mental & Physical tortures, and sufferings, An ordeal Which but few of the number who attempt it Ever Survive. — During our three years of travel we witnessed a number of Indian dances, One of the most interesting of which is here given. It is the finishing, or farewell dance of a series which had lasted nearly two weeks. The annual Festival — or reunion of the Entire "Hock tribe" Which occurred during our visit with Capt, Sutter in July 1851. — First there was a dance for the dead in which they are horribly disfigured with mud, and tar, and paints. The women, who were near relatives, had their heads shaven, and the most horrid Groans and lamentations were uttered, and presents were made to the neady family of the Deceased. Then came dances for the Different Chieftians, in which each relates his exploits and, finally the farewell, or thanksgiving dance, in which all who wish, of all ages, and both sexes, Engage. — It is a time of much hiliarity and sport, and for a grand display of all the trinkets and gew-gaws of the tribe "*A Model Fancy dress Ball.*"

Captain Sutter now resides on the banks of the feather River. A most delightful home, where at an early day was to be found, all the Comforts and luxuries, of the most refined life. — His garden is a magnificent one, choice plants and vines, are sent him regardless of Expense, by commissioned agents in all parts of the world,

He is now experimenting on the growth of the Bread fruit tree, With a hope of its successful and profitable cultivation in California,

Captain Sutter is a man of enlarged views; indomitable Energy; and a noble, and generous heart, — The wearied and worn traveller over the mountains and deserts, has here always found a home, and friend, When the Dinner [!] party were lost amid the snows of the Sierra Nevada in the winter of '46' an old Indian reported in the Captains Fort that far up among the snows White men, and woman were living upon the bodies of their dead companions, It was nearly nightfall but the trumpet was sounded, All hands were busy, and at daylight next morning, forty of his best horses loaded with provisions were on their way to the sufferers. The old hero led the way. mountains were scaled. — and he stood among dying men, Women, and children, their deliverer An angel of Mercy, snatching them from the Jaws of the most horrible of deaths, Cold and starvation. It was no place for words, but actions, Hearts were too full for utterence, Wives clasped their husbands, Mothers their Children, In a delirium of Joy. While is [in] stifled accents Saved! we are saved! burst from each full heart.⁵

⁵ Sutter took no personal part in the rescues.

The mouth of the Yuba River. A faithful transcript from a Daguerotype. shows you the character of the streams, as they wind the valley of California, Hemmed on Either side, by dense thickets of Luxurious Foliage vines willows and sycomores. This water scene with its deep reflections has been pronounced inimitable by many of the first Artists.

Near the Junction of the Yuba with the Feather River, stands the City of Marysville, Fourth in size and importance, the principle depot for the northern Mines. The quantity of goods piled on the landing indicates the extent of the trade, the signs of the merchants are plainly readable. [Illustration missing.]

For four hundred miles north, the mines obtain the principle supply from this depot, A great portion of that distance is inaccessible to wagons, and Mexicans are employed, who carry up provisions on the backs of Mules —. A large drove is here seen, led off by a white horse or mule. — A drove of two or three hundred will readily follow the bell horse, requiring little trouble to keep them in line, — A. load for one of these little animals is about *Three Hundred Pounds*; consisting frequently of a couple of sacks of flour, a half barrel of Pickled Pork, — and a Keg of Brandy, a fair specimin of a miners Stock in Provisions. Back of Marysville in the plain are towering masses of Granite Known as the Buttes.

Interveining is a large Mexican ranche or farm, — Prior to the discovery of gold, the business of this People consisted in raising cattle by thousands and furnishing hides for shipment. At the proper period for butchering

The "Vaqueros," or Cow Herds, are sent, to ride rapidly around the drove, and frighten them up to the slaughtering place. — Here they are brought down with the Lariette. The moment the lasso is fast. The "Vaquero" slips from his horse, and rushes up to the slaughter, These horses are so admirably trained, that the moment the Animal is fast, They will watch with intensity its every motion, and Jumping from side to side, change their position, as may be rendered necessary to hold it down. On many occasions the Lariette slips, or breaks, and the infuriated animal finding itself at liberty, turns upon its persuers; and horses are gored and killed, and riders sometimes dangerously wounded. — Yet this is at once the business, the life, and sport of the Mexican who is almost born upon a horse, can accomplish daring feats upon his back, and is absolutely good for nothing any where else.

"Charley's Ranche" is a prominent Hotel on the road to Feather River diggings. It is a fine specimen of California progression. "Charley" came here at an early day and commenced keeping Hotel in the



MOUTH OF THE YUBA RIVER

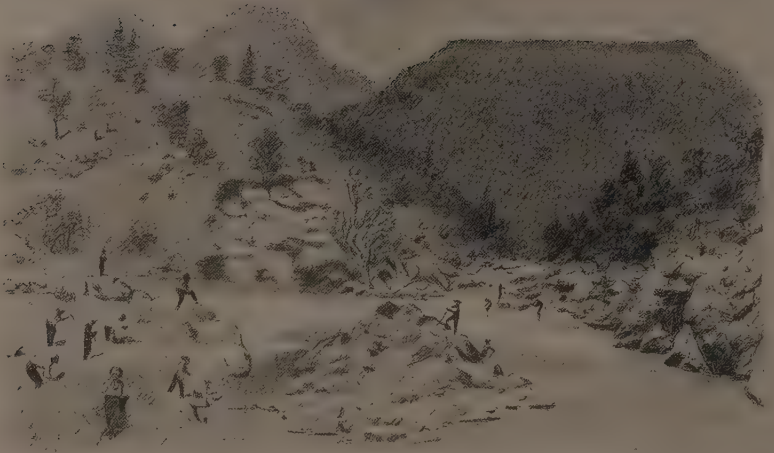


TABLE MOUNTAIN ON THE FEATHER RIVER

Back of that old wagon, along side of the Mexican Hut, — The travelling miners were glad to find any place where they could purchase provisions and willingly slept in their own blankets under the trees Untill "Charley" made enough money to erect that canvass tent, and ultimately to purchase the ranche — 36 Leagues of land — and build this comfortable resting place for the traveller. [Illustration missing.]

The Table, or Blue Mountain on the Feather river, is as level on its summit, as a floor for very many acres in extent, — The rocky character of the streams, where gold is obtained is here faithfully represented from Daguerotypes. You see the miners picking among the crevices in the rocks with their pick-axes and iron spoons No Light and Easy toil, "White rock" outcrops on the opposite bank, and gives name to a company, — The Captain is seen resting on his shovel, a whole souled fellow. He was formerly a wealthy merchant in New York but meeting with reverses he started for californnia, organized a company for throwing a dam over the Feather river and turning its channel around this bar, Here you see his men pouring water in their Cradles and washing Gold, Three years of severe toil has enabled him lately to return to his home, his fortunes more than repaired.

On the opposite bank of the stream is Bidwells Bar the Houses are mostly of Cotton Cloth. A Californian might readily, cut his way in any direction through one of these muslin towns.

As a specimen of California trade we refer you to Dr Flints "Hospital and dentists shop" A. Bar is kept, Pies and Cakes are made, by the Doctor and travellers generally, Sick or well are "taken in" and done for, all in a cotton House about 18 feet square, Variety is the spice of life, and the Doctor finds it the source of Comfort and "Material Aid,"

In Grass vally we found them Erecting quartz mills for Crushing the quartz rock. In the distance Mills are seen in operation, the Boiler of this new one, was brought from the States at an expense of \$20,000 Most of which was for transportation from San Francisco. [Illustration missing.]

Some young men from New England Commenced operations along the little stream which is seen meandering down the Mountain Side. Their Success was such, that in a single Winter they had satisfied their ambition and were preparing to return to their homes.

The news spread like wild fire through the mines Miners flock in by thousands, and prospecting found a few feet below the soil Rich seams of Gold bearing quartz Rocks, Immediately the ground was staked off in claims of from thirty to 60 feet square, the miners quarrying out the rock on their own account sell it to these mill companies,

who pay them from five to thirty dollars a thousand pounds for it.

In the back part of the mill, the rock is broken by sledge hammers, so as to be readily passed into the Iron Mortars, which are seen beneath immense trip hammers, or stamps of Iron these stamps are raised by machinery, and crush the rock to powder, Water is supplied to each of these mortars to soften the rock reduce the heat and float away the Loosened particles of sand, as soon as these mortars become filled they are emptied into tubs, Examining that sand you will scarcely perceive a particle of gold with the naked eye, so fine is it, But quicksilver is stirred in to form an amalgum The whole is then passed through a rocker on the side of the mill. The miner rocks his cradle, a Torrent supplied by a pump, washes away the sand, — The amalgum is by its weight intercepted against Cleets on the Bottom of the Cradle. This Amalgum is then placed on a retort or on an Iron shovel heated to redness, the Quicksilver is all evaporated away, leaving the fine gold in a cake in the bottom of the retort and fit for the Market, and the Mint, and Worth from sixteen to seventeen dollars and a half, per ounce — A trifle less [than] other gold as there is perhaps still a little quicksilver adhering to the gold

This though simple is the entire process of obtaining gold from quartz rocks and the End of our

THIRD SECTION

Section Fourth

“The Phenix,”

dredging Machine is seen in the Yuba River, A Cumbersome arrangement, by which it was designed to drag up sand from the bed of the river, and obtain gold in large quantities. It was soon found, however, that this machine dredged more Money from the pockets of the owners than it did gold, from the bed of the Yuba, and this kind of mining was very soon abandoned.

The Yuba is at once, the most beautiful, and the richest Gold bearing stream of the gold regions. Winding through mountains, which are seen towering higher, and higher, in successive ranges to the perpetually, Snow covered summit of the central range of the Sierra Nevada, in the distance. As it approaches the Plain, the vallies widen, and here it is seen winding gracefully around “Ousleys Bar.” The miners are discovered digging gold, on one of the richest Bars of the Yuba. Scattered over these mountains there are numerous Buckeye trees, Growing with remarkable Symetry and beauty. The one before you is a faithful copy of one taken in full bloom, With its long flakes of White pendulous



W. N. Bartholomew

Phoenix Dredging Machine on the Yuba River

PHOENIX DREDGING MACHINE ON THE YUBA RIVER



Coyote Diggings

COYOTE DIGGINGS

flowers. [Illustration missing.] The town of "Rough and Ready" is a fine specimen of Californian Energy, It being but Twelve Months old when our picture was taken. You will discover that "Groceries," "Bakeries," "Ten Pin Alleys," and different kinds of "Houses," are numerous; these are but different names for "Groggeries"; and it is somewhat characteristic of California towns, in the mining region, that every other house is a "grocery" and too frequently, the one between them [Illustration missing.] From a snow mountain in the distance, a torrent foams through the gorge, "*Deer Creek*," On the opposite side is the Tunnel Mountain, Some young men commenced operations here, and working hard and long, spending every thing they could earn on their favorite project for *three* years, Gained the title of "Greenhorns," from all the old miners around, who laughed at their folly. But Suddenly they struck a lead, beyond their most sanguine expectations:—fortunes were realized!—and they have lately refused \$500,000 for their tunnels. "Greenhorns" are now found digging tunnels into the sides of half the mountains in California

All around the base of the sugar loaf Mountain the ground has been literally torn to pieces. Deep shafts have been dug to the bed rock in every direction.

Men are seen washing in a "sluice" or long trough, along the hill side. There being a scarcity of water through the greater portion of the year, A Stock Company with a capital of \$300,000 was formed, To throw a dam across Deer Creek, high up in the mountains, Thus gaining sufficient heading; through Canals, and flumes, the water is brought, often over the tree tops, to the summits of this Mountain, and branched off in a thousand different directions to supply the miners; Who are glad to get it by paying from \$16 to \$30 per day rentage, for enough to work their "rockers" or "toms," This being one of the most important Points in the Coyota Diggings, We stopped here some time, informing the miners of our intentions, With great Kindness they retained their position, and you have them as nearly as possible at their several occupations. One is preparing the "timbers" with which to bridge the claim, For having sunk a shaft to the bed rock, They then drift out on either side, following the gold seams, and these timbers are let down, so halved together, as to prevent the possibility of caving in. Inattention to this matter has cost the lives of Many Miners on this Hill side. Some are shoveling up the auriferous earth, while another is going down with a torch to light the "claim," or blast out the rocks.

On the left men are washing in a "*sluice*" This differs from a "long tom" only in its greater length a hundred men, may work along it shoveling in the dirt, and stones, Which are stirred up, until the

torrent washes every thing away but the gold, and a very heavy black sand; Which always settles with it; and requires another process to remove it, "*Panning out*" one is here seen at a tub, and by a gentle swelling motion in and out of the water, he soon floats away the Sand, Leaving the Gold in the bottom of the Pan fit for the Market, and Mint.

High up in the Mountains Where several rugged points Come together at Deer Creek, is located

The City of Nevada.

Rough as those buildings appear in the vally, you could not purchase one of them at less than from \$5000 to \$30,000, for in the interior they are richly furnished gambling saloons, or Hotels, or Stores. In the best business Locations

In the Centre of the town Is located "Bowers Express," Well known to the Miners, to whom they brought up letters on the arrival of every steamer. The miners paid, for several years, one dollar and sixty five cents for every letter from Home, and paid it cheerfully. Particularly the young men, who were glad to get half a dozen at a time from their sweethearts at home.

The "*milk punch depot*" is a place of some notoriety, as milk was a luxury not often to be found. A returned Californian visited our painting in Boston With quite a little circle of his particular friends around him, and entertained them by pointing out the different localities with which he was familiar. In his enthusiasm he somewhat forgot himself, and exclaimed as this point came on "There! There's! where I got my best Milk Punches in the "Digging"! The house was convulsed with laughter, and his wife punched *him*, roundly, for so loud, and public an acknowledgement of his California Indulgencies.

As you ascend the hill, through one of the Principle streets towards Sacramento, you will discover a church, high up among the tree tops, on the right of the tall fir tree. A Clergyman, for some time preached to the Miners, under the trees. When a large Purse of \$36,000, Was made up, and this beautiful and comodious church, was erected on the top of the Sugar loaf mountain, with Just room enough for the Church, and a grave Yard. It is called Zions Hill, and is in view of two thousand miners from their daily labors,

"Gold run" was long considered an irreclaimable swamp, but some enterprising men erected a horse power machinery, which by working with Horses, & relays of Hands, night and day, Bailing out the water & Is found to pay them richley, I saw one bucket of sand Hauled up, which yielded four hundred dollars of Gold.



NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA

Grizzly Bears abound in this region, Monsters weighing from 1200, to 2000 lbs. Terrible encounters frequently occur; our hero, a western man, was on a prospecting tour travelling in advance of his companions. He suddenly turned a craggy Point in the rocks, and found himself face to face, with one of the largest of this species. His mule frightened, threw him, scattering his blanket and Gun, and a terrible Hand to Hand struggle ensued A Struggle for life, Our Hero fought bravely discharged every barrel of his revolver into the breast of the animal and then attacked him with his knife. With a stroke of his paw, the bear tore from his breast the flesh, lacerated the side of his head, and crushed his arm; as he struck him the fatal blow. They fell a few feet apart, and friends come to his rescue, in time to save his life, He now travels about the diggings, totally unable to labor, But finds the liberality of Californians sufficient to sustain him, and his family in the states.

Greenwood valley, is one of the most interesting points in the dry diggings. Tools are seen standing around a claim, They are evidence of title. The miner may be absent from that claim, three days on business, or much longer if sick, and returning, finds his claim Just as he left it, Such is California honesty, Especially under the enforcement of "Judge Lynch," Who Looks Well after the miners Rights! For should any one disturb that claim, He would earn a title to swing by the neck on the nearest tree limb.

A point of Historic interest is Capt Sutters mill, Where gold was first discovered, on the banks of the South Branch of the American River. A party were sent up into the mountains, with instructions to erect a saw mill, at the nearest point, where good water power was found contagious to good timber, At the Upper bend, a dam was thrown over the stream, and as their first labor, a small ditch was dug for a race, and the water turned in, Hoping that by the time the mill was erected, and the machinery adjusted, the torrent would have torn the race sufficiently large for their purpose, and have saved them an immense amount of digging, When the mill Was ready, The race was found insufficient, and the water was turned out for Enlargement, When to their surprise they found that where, the sand and clay, had been swept off, Gold in large quantities was left sparkling among the Crevices of the Rocks. Thus was gold accidentally discovered, and the destiny of California, and Millions of our people changed, We even found here an exmember of Congress, a clergyman, and an ex-professor of a New England college, reduced to the necessity of Washing their own shirts, not Having starch nor irons, they pulled the collars, and ris bands,

straight in the drying, and this, renders a check shirt Quite Respectable for the Diggings.

Indian Women are found here, and there, pulverizing acorns in the crevices of the rocks. In those conical shaped baskets, which they construct of Willows, The Squaws go about over the Hills, & beat with something like a fan from the stems of the Grasses, and Plants, great quantities of seeds, and insects innumerable are gathered with them and the whole living mass is ground up with the acorns, and a Kind of short Cake is made, of which they are particularly fond, and often hospitably extend it to the travelling miner.

Others of these tribes, gather around the Salmon Falls, Where the whole body of the American river is precipitated over Successive ledges of Rocks, to a great depth, Salmon fish, the finest in the world, are here intercepted in great quantities, and the Indian has as much as he can do, for several days, to pass them up to the women, who dry them upon the rocks.

Some miners are seen "prospecting," the Great trouble with the majority of Californians is, that they are always prospecting, never satisfied with daily returns, of from five, to ten dollars per day, Each has left home in quest of fortune, and is ready at a moments notice, to start for any point, where there is a prospect of sudden Wealth! Tools, Shovel, and Pick, and Cooking utensils, are packed upon their backs, and even old batchelors, become so fond of rocking the Cradle, that they are seen with one Strapped upon their backs, where ever they go.

The town of "Mormon Island," so called from a company of Mormons, who worked for sometime on the Island in the river, They threw a dam over the stream, a sudden freshet has partially swept it away, and they were erecting another at the time of our visit. [Illustration missing.]

One Individual is clothed in a "*diving armour*" of India rubber, and is about to descend to the bed of the stream, Where for a few Minutes at a time, he with an Iron spoon, scoops up from the crevices of the rock, gold to help defray the expense of the Company, while erecting the dam on the opposite shore, Miners are seen washing gold, Each having, by general Custom, a claim fronting 30 feet on the river, and extending back to the bluff, however distant that may be. We shall now bid farewell to the mining region for a ramble in Southren California

STOCKTON, the third City in importance & principal depot of the Southren mines; Is handsomely located on both sides of an arm or Slough of the "San Joachim (pronounced (San Wawkeen) river, The



Salmon Falls

SALMON FALLS



Quicksilver Mines

QUICKSILVER MINES NEAR SAN JOSE

Large building on the opposite shore, is the "El Placer," a gambling Saloon, below and a theater above. [Illustration missing.] In the distance, a bridge conveys us to the "*Stockton House*" on the nothern side of the slough where we found good accomodation at five dollars per day. Most of those large buildings are the property of Col Weber, Who now resides in a neat cottage on the point of the Slough. This Gentleman arived here, in quite moderate circumstances, but two years prior to the gold discovery, and finding a poor Mexican dispirited at the loss of his Whole family by Indian Murderers, He purchased his entire claim to several Leagues of Land for 25 dollars. That title has lately been confirmed, and Col Weber is now a Millionaire.⁶

But a few Years since, over the site of this City, the Wild Horse roamed unmolested, and even now approaches within a short distance, in the plains of the San Joachim. The Enthusiasm among the Mexicans is unbounded, at the bare announcement, that wild horses are near. On their fleetest animals they are seen dashing over the Plains, as they approach the drove each selects his victim and soon brings it to the ground with the Lariette. Leaving his well trained horse to hold down the wild one, The "Cavalera" rushes up with a blanket, to blind it, until bridle bitts are forced into its mouth he then jumps upon its back, spurs are applied, and away they dash over the Plain. It is impossible for the wild animal to get rid of his equally wild rider and often from forty to fifty miles, are dashed off before the spirit of the animal is sufficiently broken to render it tractable — Many of these Horses are singularly Spotted, and called "Pintos" and are supposed by the Indians & Mexicans, to be more spirited than the rest of the drove.

A Short Journey over these Sterril Plains Brings us to the Quicksilver Mines. — fourteen Miles below the town, or, "Pueblo of San Jose," Furnaces are seen in operation in the Valley. On the opposite bank, a building with a circular roof, is the residence of the treasurer, and superintendent of the Mine. Casting your eye to the summit of the mountain, you will discover the sheds standing over the entrance to the tunnels. There are three hundred Mexicans now engaged quarrying far into the Centre of the mountain for the hard Red looking Cinnibar, Which is carried down by a circuitous, and dangerous pathway to the furnaces below, Her there are immense rooms, Holding Hundreds of Pans, as soon as these are filled & Closed, Small fires are Created underneath, and in three or four days, the Quicksilver passes off in vapor, thogh long troughs, Where there is water falling, to precipitate the

⁶ Charles M. Weber came with the Bartleson party in '41. A daughter, Miss Julia H. Weber, and one of his granddaughters, Mrs. Gerald D. Kennedy, are members of the California Historical Society.

Metal, Thence it comes, Drop by Drop, to the Kettles on the outside, Where men are seen bottling it up, one hundred pounds Each, in Wrought Iron Bottles, made expressly for this purpose, and screwed up tightly for the Market One Million pounds have been obtained annually for three years past at this establishment. The mine is inexhaustable, The only difficulty is in getting men to work around the furnace. The foreman had only been engaged about four months when we saw him, and he was so saturated with Mercury that he shook like an aspen Leaf, and could scarcely carry on a conversation. Even the Horses about the Yard were salivated, and where the vapor from the Chimneys settles upon the hill sides for any time Vegetation is destroyed.

From the Summit of these Hills tops, We catch a birds eye view of the Charming valley of the "San Jose," The garden spot of the Pacific, Thousands of Acres are covered yellow with the Golden Poppy of California In the distance is the foot of the bay of San Francisco.

American Farmers are fast Appropriating and Cultivating this Valley.

The Mission Santa Clara was erected in the year 1767. by Catholic Missionaries, In 1811 the walls were somewhat crumbled by an earthquake, — but have been repaired and frescoed, rudely The missions were once very powerful In 1836 There were sustained at this Mission 2,000 reclaimed Indians, who performed the labors, They Had 1300 Head of Cattle numerous horses and Cultivated 30,000 fangos [fanegas], or 90,000 Bushels of small grain The Mexicans becoming jealous of their power in this year, they were secularized and nothing left to the church, and Priesthood but the Cathedral and its appendages.

Cactus here grows to the Hight of 16 or 18 feet, where the Priest have cultivated it, It bears a pretty Blossom, and a fruit, which the Mexican Preserve.

The native Californian and Mexican, live in a rude and rustic style, but little removed above the savages from whom he is in part descended. In these mud and stick huts they are contented to spend their days, not being pinched by the severities of Winter, Not goaded on by the demands of an expensive, and fashionable life.

A Lazy Mother swings in her hammock nursing her child, no doubt happy in her aristocratic privilage Others are grinding corn on a stone slab, with a rolling stone. The corn-Kernel is soaked until quite soft, and thus ground into a pulp from which another is making a "tortillia" or thin unseasoned cake which is baked on a piece of sheet iron resting on a couple of stones over the Embers.

Their Carriages are rude affairs — the Wheels are made by cutting



Mission Santa Clara

MISSION SANTA CLARA

off the End of a red wood log, and the body or bed is made of little poles withed together after the fashion of a crockery crate. Oxen are yoked together by tying a pole with leather thongs in front of their horns, by Which they are obliged to pull with their heads up, in an unnatural position. Thus equipped, a man and his Wife and sixteen or seventeen Children Is not an unusual sight travelling to a fandango, or perhaps hundreds of Miles away on a visit. Camping at night by the roadside. Some of the woman, in ordinary costume, are washing clothes on the banks of the Guadelope River, using the same slab for a wash board, that is used for a mill. Spotted Black and White, Spanish Cattle are discovered in the distance. "Secundenos" a rich old Mexican, owner of thirty six leagues of Land, and as many thousand cattle, determined, immediately after the annexion, to erect a splendid Palace, and was afraid to trust american Workmen with so fine an edifice. He sent all the way to Mexico, and these and chilians Workman, had been engaged two Years & a half, when our picture was taken, and you have before you the astonishing work of their Genius. [Illustration missing.]

The young folks are fond of riding to fandangoes or balls, and are here seen dressed in ball costume. The Ladies are carried very affectionately before their lovers on the horses, and are sometimes accused of not taking the shortest way to the dance.

Old Mission Dolores was once the most Wealthy & Powerful Mission in the Pacific Coast, But is now fast crumbling to decay. The Bells in those niches, have been Chimming to Mass, without intermission, for almost a century. The roof is covered with tiles, made of Earthenware in Semicircular form. [Illustration missing.] From these hill tops, as from the loftest seat in an amphitheatre, We look down upon the magnificent city of San francisco, as it streaches far out into the waters of the bay. Long wharf alone extends, on piles, a mile and a quarter over the water. A forest of shipping masts is here, with the flags of all Nations floating in the breeze.

Beyond the bay are the Contra Costa mountains, With Mount "Diavolo" towering high above them, a guide to the mariners far out at sea, directing them to the golden gates, the entrance of the Harbor.

A Church was being erected in the rear of the city near the Hill top, looking over that Church the large building around the public "Plaza" or "Portsmouth Square" are seen. A tall white building With a double colonade, is the Parker House, and Jenny Lind Theatre, late given way to the new City Hall, On the right of this, is a tall brick building the "Union Hotel" the finest in California, On the left are the "Veranda" & Eldorado" Gambling Saloons, Brick Buildings also. Ascending the Hill to the left, you will precieve a white building, with a

cupolo and corroder, this is the old city Hall, and now Police Court, Telegraph Hill a prominent land mark over looks the City, On its summit is an observatory with a pole & signal arms, The moment a vessel approaches the outer harbor, several miles distant, and Within range of the object glass, It is signalized to every one, to what class she belongs, and whence she comes.

Should a couple of arms stand out, forming a cross, all San Francisco Knows at once, that "Laws Line Mail steamer is arriving with letters from the dear ones at home.

North of Telegraph Hill, A Ship may be seen passing up through the Carquinas Straits to the Sacramento & San Joachim Rivers. [Illustration missing.]

Alcatrass Island stands in the Middle of the Entrance Harbor, Its sides are whitened with deposits of Guano. Here several ship wrecks have lately occurred. Farther on are steamers Winding their way out of the Golden Gates, to the Pacific ocean. In the rear of the City is a spanish graveyard, on the Hill top, a relic of the old Spanish past and now, quite an evening promenade, for the more refined citizens of this Great Metropolis of the Pacific. Here may be found congregated Men and Women, from every nation Known to commerce. The China Man, Kanacker from the Sandwich Islands, The Chileans, Mexicans &c &c. San Francisco is a strange commingling of Hotels and stores, Gambling saloons, Churches, & School Houses, Yet with all its peculiarities, incident to a mixed population suddenly thrown together in pursuit of Gain, It presents good circles of Society and remarkable social order prevails.

A Few Years since and looking down from these hill tops, you might have seen here & there an "adobe hut" and a Hide Pen, and a few Mexicans strolling over the hills.

Once in a great while, a Whaling vessel put in for water or in distress, and once or twice a year a vessel called for a load of hides, and brought Calicoes, Groceries, Liquors, and Bowie Knives, in exchange therefor. Such was her commerce, No sooner, however do the stars & stripes wave in triumph over these Hill tops, securing persons and their property from the rapacity of tyrannizing & robbing Mexican officials than thousands flocking thither, carrying with them the true genius of American Citizens, and our Glorious institutions Have erected, as it were by majic, an *empire*, which will compare favorably with any state in the world, for its wise, and liberal provisions. Towns & Cities are every where springing up as it were my majic, American Husbandmen are fast developing her Vast agricultural resources, and Her inexhaustable Mines, churches & schoolhouses now dot nearly every Hill



Drawing on the spot by J. H. R. 1854

SUNDAY AT FORBES' DIGGINGS, FEATHER RIVER

side, even to the Edge of the perpetual Snows, and California offers to the overburdened Population of the World, all that is necessary to make life, comfortable and home Happy, with a climate unsurpassed in the world for salubrity.

We have thus Ladies & Gentlemen Labored three years and at enormous expense to give you a faithfull Daguerreotype representation of the Journey overland and through the Gold regions a trip of over 4,000 Miles Leaving out no prominent an essential points to a full representation, and comprehension of the Great interior, and extreme Westren limit of our Continent

We thank you for your Kind attention and close our exhibition with a grand

MEXICAN BULL FIGHT.

HIDES AND TALLOW McCulloch, Hartnell and Company 1822-1828

Strange would it be if the Pacific Ocean, washing California's extended coast line, had not played a part in the State's history. And yet our histories, either completely silent or briefly generalized concerning California commercial affairs, tell us little of the ships coming to the California shore, or of the hide and tallow trade, which toward the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century opened the commercial gates of this heretofore isolated Spanish province.

An English firm had the credit of being the first mercantile house in California. A consideration of the extent of the trade of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company renders the history of our State no longer local. We leave Monterey, where the main branch of the company was located, and follow the thread of this commerce to the Pacific coast of South America at Lima and Santiago. Thence we may still trace the thread to the Atlantic seaboard at Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro. Thence it goes across the Atlantic to Liverpool, England. To see the California company in a true light we must view it from the three vantage points — England, South America, and California.

About 1818 a commercial venture was sent out by James Brotherston and Company of Liverpool, England, to South America. In Santiago, Chile, a branch firm under the name of John Begg and Company was established.¹ Step by step, the company progressed up the coast reaching out to Coquimbo, to Lima, and then to Guayaquil.² A final stride up the Pacific coast was made in 1822, when McCulloch, Hart-

¹ The earliest date found of John Begg in South America is April, 1818; see Miller, J., *Memoirs of General Miller*, II, 222. Bancroft refers to the parent English establishment as "Brotherton" and Company, whereas "Brotherston" is the spelling used in company letters.

² Trade with Coquimbo began early in the company's history. For mention of the Coquimbo trade see Hartnell's letters of 1820, February 1, 2, 6, 11 and March 4, in Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, Nos. 126, 127, 128, 129, 132; and *Hartnell documents* (deposited by Gregory in Bancroft Library), letter of February 18, 1820.

Trading possibilities with Lima were first investigated by John Begg in December of 1820.—Begg to Hartnell, December 9, 1820; *Hartnell documents*. In August of the following year, Begg sailed in the *Favorite* for Lima, where a branch house was established.—Hartnell to George Hartnell, August 8, 1821, in *Hartnell letter-book* of family correspondence (Gregory collection); also Hartnell to Edward Petty, August 8, 1821; *Ibid*.

Company trade with Guayaquil was first opened up by Hartnell on a trading voyage to the Guayaquil coast from May, 1820, to January, 1821. For full account of this voyage, see Hartnell, W. P., *Journal of a Trading Voyage to the Coast of Guayaquil*, MS.

nell and Company extended their field of operations from Lima to California.

Early in June of 1822 the *John Begg* sailed into Monterey harbor. Aboard were William Petty Hartnell and Hugh McCulloch, partners in the new company.³ The Englishmen knew what they were after, for immediately they appeared before Governor Solá and the prefect Payéras to propose the formation of a contract with the missions for hides and tallow. The consent of both was readily obtained. Payéras wrote enthusiastically to the mission fathers, pointing out to them the advantage of the proposed agreement and urging them to enter into the contract.⁴ Solá wrote that it was "an opportunity for which they had been waiting," and if the inhabitants of the province did not take advantage of it, and "leave off their character of slackness and abandon," they deserved to be treated as vagrants were in Mexico.⁵

Entrance into the contract was entirely voluntary, but acceptance obligated the contracting parties to a three-year term beginning with January of 1823. Ships were to be sent to all the harbors and bays of the California coast from San Francisco to San Diego. Although hides for the English market and tallow for South America were the principal objects of trade, numerous other commodities were specified as of secondary interest — soap, horse hair, horn, hemp, beef in brine, *manteca* (suet), *aguardiente*, and wheat. A price scale for each of the above items was arranged. The agreed price for hides was one *peso*, and for tallow, two *pesos* an *arroba* (twenty-five pounds).⁶

An unprecedented event in California's history had come to pass. The entrance into the California market of a foreign business house had been facilitated through a mission contract approved by the gover-

³ According to the terms of the five-year copartnership of John Begg and Hugh McCulloch, the latter agreed to go to California to collect hides and tallow or other produce to be exchanged for merchandise specified by Begg and Company. Hartnell was to be admitted as a partner when McCulloch considered his services necessary. For agreement in full, see Memorandum of Copartnership, March 21, 1822; *Hartnell documents*, and continued in Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, No. 155.

⁴ Payéras to the mission fathers from San Antonio to San Diego, June 12, 1822; *Archivo de las Misiones*, Papeles Originales, I, pp. 516-19.

⁵ Solá to Peralta, July 6, 1822; *Departmental State Papers*, Sacramento Series, VI., p. 49. Solá to Guerra, June 20, 1822; Guerra y Noriega, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, IV, p. 98. Approval of contract by Solá, June 20, 1822; *Archivo de las Misiones*, Papeles Originales, I, p. 525.

⁶ The terms of the contract were explained in detail by Payéras to the mission fathers from San Antonio to San Diego on June 17, 1822; *Archivo de las Misiones*, Papeles Originales, I, pp. 520-25.

The exchange rate in terms of English money, was in 1827, 48d for 1 peso and in 1828, 47d for 1 peso.—Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, April 10, 1827; *Hartnell documents*. Begg and Company to Hartnell; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXIX, No. 282.

nor and prefect. But would the missions as readily bind themselves to a three-year agreement? To settle this query, McCulloch and Hartnell began a personal solicitation of the missions. In the north Hartnell persuaded all the missions, with the exception of San Francisco, to enter the contract. McCulloch among the southern missions encountered some difficulty. However, the missions for the most part responded eagerly to this offer to trade.⁷

The establishment of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company was further secured by gubernatorial permits. Argüello conceded to Hartnell on behalf of the company the right to trade in all ports of California.⁸ Furthermore, early in 1823, the governor granted a petition asking for permission to build warehouses at Monterey and San Pedro.⁹

Before we consider the activities of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company during the acme of their business, let us call to mind how California must have appeared to a merchant in 1822. One might be justified in questioning the existence of a California market at this early date. However, dotting the California coast from San Francisco to San Diego were nineteen missions, besides several *presidios* and *pueblos*. The mission fathers welcomed a chance to trade their surplus

⁷ A note (evidently written in July, 1822, by Hartnell) concerning the entrance of the California missions into the contract is found in *Hartnell letter-book* of family correspondence (in the Gregory collection):

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| "Sn. Fran. | does not enter into the contract, but promises to deliver on the arrival of the vessel at that port 500 a. of Tallow, some manteca and the hides which may be in readiness by that time. |
| "Sn Jose | will for the present deliver in Sn Franco 30 Botas of Tallow, and binds itself to give yearly for the 3 years of the contract, the portion of Tallow that falls to its share, and 600 hides with the promise of as many more as it can collect. |
| "Santa Clara | will now give 25 Botas of Tallow and offers for the 3 yrs. all that it can produce excepting only sufficient to pay the Sindico of Tepic for certain articles which it has already bespoken. It can not promise any fixed quantity of hides but will do all it can to economise and binds itself to sell to us only. |
| "Sn Juan | gives for the present some 30 Botas of Tallow and promises to exert itself to deliver yearly 1000 Hides and 100 Botas of Tallow which are to weigh 7 a. upwards. |
| "Sn Carlos
"Soledad | will give yearly 250 a. Tallow and 100 Hides
can promise no tallow for the present but in every other respect conforms to the contract for the 3 years. |
| "San Antonio &
La Purisima | agree to the general terms of the contract |
| "San Gabriel | makes a separate contract for 3 years and the other missions will not bind themselves by any contract whatever." |

⁸ Alvarado, B., *Historia de California*, II, p. 71.

⁹ Petition of McCulloch and Hartnell to the governor of Upper California, May 21, 1823; *Hartnell documents*.

hides and tallow for mission supplies.¹⁰ The Englishmen had a market, but they soon discovered that the missions required a distinct type of goods. Furthermore, the widely scattered missions presented a problem in salesmanship. The building up of trade with an unexploited region was not an easy task.

What were the general trading methods of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company? As soon as a company ship had dropped anchor in Monterey Bay, the captain delivered to Hartnell business letters from the main firm in South America and the invoice of the ship's cargo. Shortly thereafter, circular letters, announcing the arrival of the brig and enclosing a list of goods aboard, were dispatched to the northern and southern mission fathers. Within a week or so, the recently arrived vessel proceeded southward, touching at specified collection depots.¹¹ At each port samples of the ship's cargo were exhibited, goods delivered to the missions, future order lists made out by the friars, and hides and tallow taken aboard. From San Diego, where stowage was completed, the ship sailed for South America or England.¹²

Plying the California coast from depot to depot, there were during the years of the mission contract (1823-1826), some dozen different McCulloch, Hartnell and Company ships of an average capacity of two hundred tons. All that we can do here is to mention the names of these vessels—*John Begg*, *Bahia Packet*, *Neptune*, *Hebe*, *Young Tartar*, *Pizarro*, *Esther*, *Junius*, *Speedy*, *Eliza* and *Inca*. Of these, several made two or three trips to the California coast, and five sailed directly for England. The mere listing of the vessels does not tell the story of the collection of hides and tallow, of the selling of the several

¹⁰ Items appearing on the mission order lists included articles for the religious services and furnishing of the mission proper: images, gold and silver thread for embroidering frontals, copes, altar hangings, gold and silver lace for ornaments, musical instruments such as the flute, horn and violin, books, sacred games, gun-powder for rockets, carpets, and window glass; general merchandise—cotton and linen cloth, thread, needles, and buttons; culinary articles—copper and iron kettles, frying pans, dishes, and knives; wearing apparel—trousers, stockings, hats, and bright red handkerchiefs; agricultural and farming implements—garden tools, axes, and slaughtering knives; and food products—rice, sugar, cocoa, tea and coffee.

¹¹ For summarized description of collecting points for mission produce, see letter of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company to Begg and Company, November 27, 1824; *Hartnell letter-book* (deposited by Zabala in Bancroft Library), pp. 87-88.

Collection depots north to south: San Francisco for missions San Francisco, San José and Santa Clara; Santa Cruz; Monterey for missions San Juan Bautista, San Carlos, La Soledad and San Antonio; harbor near San Luis Obispo for missions San Luis Obispo and San Miguel; harbor near La Purísima; Coxo (Coro) for Santa Inés; Santa Barbara for missions Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura; San Pedro for missions San Fernando and San Gabriel; San Juan Capistrano for missions San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey; San Diego for missions San Luis Rey and San Diego.

¹² Similar trading methods were used a decade later by Robinson.—Robinson, A., *Statement of Recollections*, MS. Bancroft Library, pp. 3-5.

ships' cargoes, nor of the difficulties of filling inopportunately sent vessels, which often arrived at the very onset of the winter season when southerly winds endangered embarkation. To save the expense of sending vessels of a couple of hundred tons along the coast to pick up hides here and there, John Begg and Company sent to California the *Young Tartar*, a small ninety-five ton schooner, which sailed quickly from depot to depot and then reloaded on the larger carrying vessels at Monterey, San Pedro, and San Diego.¹³

Obstacles to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company trade were constantly looming up. Although the mission friars for the most part remained faithful to the terms of the contract, difficulties arose now and then. Such large quantities of mixed tallow and *grasa*, an edible fat, were discovered in the cargoes of earlier ships, that McCulloch advised Hartnell "although they are great Christians in that quarter, to look sharp after them — several of the skins have got very bad tallow and as black as pitch."¹⁴ Undependable Indian laborers handicapped company operations. As long as the English firm was the exclusive occupant of the mission trading field, all was well. However, Anglo-American and Lima traders began to frequent the coast and by cash offers and high prices, not only bought up every hide from cattle owners outside the contract, but caused discontent among those within the contract.¹⁵ Governmental exclusion from ports under the new governor Echeandía, and high duties were further obstructions to company trade.

Despite arduous and impedient circumstances, McCulloch, Hartnell and Company sought more extensive business connections. Business relations were established with the Russian Northwest Company of

¹³ The *Young Tartar* was purchased on the account of John Begg and Company in April of 1824.—Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, April 24, 1824; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, No. 354.

In November of 1826, the *Young Tartar* was broken up on the beach of San Diego.—Official condemnation of the *Young Tartar*, July 29, 1827; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXIX, Nos. 143, 144.

For cargoes and agreements concerning McCulloch, Hartnell and Company vessels, see charter parties, invoices, and sales accounts; *Hartnell documents*.

¹⁴ McCulloch to Hartnell, March 2, 1825; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, No. 435.

Difficulties arose at San Gabriel over the inclusion with *manteca de riñonada*, an inedible fat used in tallow making.

¹⁵ Frequent complaints from the mission fathers of the high price of English goods in comparison with cheaper offers from other merchants, were received by Hartnell. Examples of complaints: Duran to Hartnell, November 28, 1823, and July 19, 1824, *Archivo de las Misiones*, I, pp. 638-40; Zalvidea to Hartnell, April 7, 1823, p. 698, *Ibid*, p. 600; McCulloch and Hartnell to Peyri, July 1, 1823, Chapman, C. E. (Ed.), *Letter-Book of William Hartnell*, pp. 48-49.

Bodega.¹⁶ Proposed trade with Manila and Canton ships failed to materialize because of lack of funds. The accessory business of salting beef was an ambitious project with prospects of success. Three Irishmen, Mr. Tivy, John Wade, and Lawrence Long, were sent out especially by the Liverpool firm of James Brotherston and Company, for the California branch.¹⁷ Through the influence of Captain José de la Guerra, a large farm near Monterey capable of maintaining four thousand cattle and covered with oaks suitable for the making of staves and casks was secured by Hartnell for the beef-salting establishment.¹⁸ California salted beef sold well in South America; but since British ships of war were provided with beef directly from England, the supply demanded did not warrant the maintenance of an expensive establishment in California.¹⁹

To South America and England we must look for a more complete understanding of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company trade. John Begg and Company was fundamentally a speculative enterprise, dependent for its existence on the South American political situation. California produce, introduced to a market sustained by war conditions, was subject to uncertain sales and fluctuating prices.²⁰ With the cessation of hostilities, large supplies of tallow from South American production renters flooded the market and reduced prices. Brazilian hides, as disturbances abated, were again introduced to the English market, displacing the inferior California hides.

¹⁶ Sample sealskins were sent aboard the *Hebe* and *Neptune* to England. A high duty and low price in the Liverpool market, however, made the proposed seal trade unprofitable. In July, 1824, Hartnell sold the captain of the Russian brig *Buldakoff*, 1500 fanegas of wheat from the mission San Gabriel.—Hartnell to Zalvidea, July 20, 1824; *Hartnell letter-book*, pp. 54-55. Sales to Russian Northwest Company may be found in, *Account book of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, 1822-1826* (deposited by Zabala in Bancroft Library), pp. 77, 79, 80, 84, 85, 89, 141, and 151.

¹⁷ Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, October 26, 1824; *Hartnell documents*.

¹⁸ Hartnell to McCulloch, May 6, 1825; *Hartnell letter-book*, pp. 107-8.

¹⁹ Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, September 24, 1825; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXIX, No. 480.

Begg had never intended an expensive beef-salting establishment. The primary purpose was to free the hides from the cost of the carcass by the small estimated profit.—Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, June 26, 1825; *Hartnell documents*.

²⁰ In 1823 and 1824 prices for tallow were low (\$10-\$12 a quintal) due to importations from Chile and Buenos Aires. Diminished importations during the next two years increased the prices. In September, 1825, McCulloch wrote that high prices for tallow aboard the *Pizarro* "has driven them all mad to speculate to your quarter".—McCulloch to Hartnell, September 28, 1825; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, No. 487. In 1826 tallow on the *Speedy* sold for \$16 and retailed at \$26.—Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, March 14, 1826; *Hartnell documents*. A few months later with supplies pouring in from Chile, the price peak fell.

Rounding the Horn, McCulloch, Hartnell and Company vessels sailed up the eastern coast of South America and before continuing the voyage across the Atlantic touched at either Montevideo or Rio de Janeiro where agents of English firms inspected the cargo. If wormed or sea-damaged, the hides were disembarked, aired, beaten, cleaned, and reloaded.²¹

In England, hide dealers of Liverpool eagerly awaited the coming of the first California ship, "to see what sort of article is produced from so distant a country."²² Earlier cargoes, due to bad stowage, arrived in a wormed condition and sold at losses. Later shipments brought high gross returns, although high freight rates cut deeply into profits until James Brotherston and Company became convinced that the California establishment was an unprofitable undertaking.²³

Picturesque and romantic, the hide and tallow industry might well form a vivid and animated setting for a California scenario. During July, August, and September, when the cattle were fattest, Indians, *vaqueros*, and *mayordomos* gathered in every mission for that great event, the *matanza*, or annual cattle slaughtering. Lassoed and thrown to the ground by skilfully swung *reata*, the ill-fated beast was butchered by Indians who vigorously handled the slaughtering knife.²⁴ On the hide laid back on the ground, the carcass was cut up. In the early days of the cattle industry, only the better portions of the meat were chosen, and long strips cut off to be dried or jerked.²⁵ The remaining parts were left to the bears, prowling coyotes and birds of prey.

The animal fats were carefully saved. From the outer layer nearest the hide was made *manteca*, used in every California household for cooking purposes.²⁶ From the interior fat was rendered *grasa*,

²¹ Letters dealing with the touching at Rio de Janeiro or Montevideo: — McCulloch, Hartnell and Company to Harrison and Company, September 27, 1823, *Hartnell letter-book*, pp. 11-12; to Mitchell, *Ibid.*, pp. 12-13; to Harrison and Company, April 3, 1824, *Ibid.*, p. 102; to Lincoln, January 12, 1825, *Ibid.*, pp. 102-3.

²² Brotherston and Company to Begg and Company, May 21, 1824; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, No. 364.

²³ Freight for the *Neptune* from May 1, 1823, to November 8, 1824 — £2760.9; gross returns of cargo, £8207.15/2; net returns, £4554.19/7. Freight for *John Begg* from July 1, 1824, to September 16, 1825 — £3126.8/2; gross returns of cargo, £8265; net returns, £3601.9/2. — Account sales of *Neptune* and *John Begg*; *Hartnell documents*.

²⁴ For description of a *matanza* see, Davis, W. H., *Sixty Years in California*, pp. 46-49; and Robinson, A., *Life in California*, pp. 95-96.

²⁵ Belden, J., *Statement of Historical Facts*, MS, Bancroft Library, p. 18.

Beef on McCulloch, Hartnell and Company ships: *Pizarro*, 1824—Salted beef, 290 barrels; *Junius*, 1825—Jerked beef; *Esther*, 1825—Beef; *Pizarro*, 1825—Beef, 100 barrels; *Eliza*, 1826—Dried beef; *Pizarro*, 1826—Dried beef, 126 barrels. Data compiled from Hartnell correspondence and account sales of company vessels.

²⁶ Davis, W. H., *Sixty Years in California*, p. 37.

composed of the edible interior fatty portions, and *sebo* or tallow made up of kidney and other interior fat unsuited for comestible purposes.

In huge iron kettles the rendering process, or the separating of fat from enclosing tissues, was effected. Melted, cooked and partially cooled, the rendered fat while still liquid was poured into *botas*, hide bags holding from twenty to forty *arrobas*, which were held open by four stakes fastened to the hide and set in the ground. Rendered by a crude process, California tallow contained many impurities.²⁷ So frequent were complaints from South American purchasers, that John Begg and Company finally suggested that Hartnell purchase tallow "in the rough" from the missions and take it to Monterey to refine it.²⁸ Tallow and *grasa* were both used in the making of soap.²⁹

Hides were the chief object of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company trade. Since the English company was the first in California to solicit hides for a distant exterior market, it had no little difficulty in instructing the natives in hide curing. The Indians persistently ignored verbal instructions and proceeded in their accustomed manner.³⁰ After the hide was detached from the carcass it was immediately stretched out by stakes passed through holes cut in each end.³¹ James Brotherston and Company complained that California hides were stretched too much in width and explained that "it is not the size of the hide that is looked to but its weight and the smaller compass this is in so much the better".³²

Cleaning of hides was a particular piece of work, since every particle of attached meat and fat had to be carefully cut off, else an entire cargo, stowed for many months, would become infected.³³ Dried and

²⁷ Rendering of tallow is described in, Davis, W. H., *Sixty Years in California*, pp. 36-37. Each *bota* contained from twenty to forty *arrobas*, and in the commercial world about one-half *arroba* tare was allowed for each *bota*.—McCulloch to Hartnell, March 16, 1826; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXIX, No. 13.

²⁸ Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, October 14, 1824; Hartnell documents.

²⁹ The soap factory at San Gabriel was an extensive establishment. See Dale, H. C. (Ed.), *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829*, pp. 218-19.

Packed in horse hides or boxes, soap made after patterns sent by Begg and Company was put aboard the *Pizarro* (1825), *Speedy* (1825), and *Eliza* (1826).

³⁰ McCulloch, Hartnell and Company to Begg and Company, July 26, 1823; Hartnell letter-book, p. 1.

³¹ Dana, R. H., *Two Years Before the Mast*, p. 98.

³² Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, June 26, 1825; Hartnell documents.

California hides averaged less than Buenos Aires hides in weight. South American hides averaged from 28 to 32 pounds, while California hides averaged only from 22 to 24 pounds.—Brotherston and Company to Begg and Company, June 26, 1824; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia California*, XXVIII, No. 375.

³³ Hide cleaning is described in Dana, R. H., *Two Years Before the Mast*, p. 98.

cleaned, the hides were folded lengthwise with hair innermost and piled one above another so that by their own weight and frequent turning over in order to complete the drying process, they were pressed flat.³⁴ Dust and insects were removed just before stowage by beating the hides with a flail — a wooden stick to which was fastened a strip of hide and a short heavy piece of wood.

Although most of the hides shipped to England by McCulloch, Hartnell and Company were sent in the dried condition, curing by salting was undertaken on a small scale by Spence at Monterey, and Logan, the company agent at the branch firm in San Pedro. Arriving in better condition than the dry hides, salted hides were preferred by James Brotherston and Company, although the additional weight was a shipping disadvantage.³⁵

Jolting over stony, rutty roads, clumsy ox carts, driven by Indians who now and then prodded the slow moving oxen with sharp-pointed sticks, carried the hides from mission to beach. In the rainy season, mules, bearing packs of hides, filed down toward the beaches over roads impassable for the heavy carts.

Stowage of a vessel was an art of great importance. To ballast the ship, salted hides were laid in the bottom of the hold as far up as the keelson.³⁶ Over the top of the salted hides was put a layer of salt and loose hides for dunnage. As dried hides were piled in the hold, lime was strewed over them.³⁷ When the ship's hold was filled to within a few feet of the beams, steeving began. Beginning in the aft of the ship a "book" of from twenty-five to fifty hides was inserted by a mechanism of ropes, pulleys and beam dogs, until a hundred or a

³⁴ Brotherston and Company admonished the California company for sending salted hides with hair folded outside, "by which they are much injured in the sale, for it is by the hair adhering to the skin the dealers judge of the quality and soundness, and where the hair is turned out, it must of necessity be more or less injured"—Brotherston and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, September 20, 1825; *Hartnell documents*.

³⁵ Salted hides weighed from sixty to sixty-five pounds.—Brotherston and Company to Begg and Company, February 28, 1824; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, No. 336.

It was not until 1826 that Begg and Company suggested the pickling of hides by soaking in vats of strong salt water as was done by Dana ten years later.—Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, June 15, 1826; *Ibid.*, No. 336.

³⁶ Brotherston and Company objected to the sixty tons of sand and stones, dead freight, in the *Bahia Packet*, and urged the use of salted hides which, as not over thirty-five were stowed to a ton, could be shipped only as ballast.—Brotherston and Company to Begg and Company, May 29, 1824; *Ibid.*, No. 364.

³⁷ Lime had proved to be an effective preservative. Limed hides arriving in perfect condition in Rio de Janeiro, after being disembarked, beaten, and reloaded without further liming, were unloaded in England in a wormed condition.—Brotherston and Company to Begg and Company, June 26, 1824; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXVIII, No. 375.

hundred and fifty additional hides were forced in.³⁸ When the last hide was stowed, bulkheads were put up in the hold and the hatches well caulked down. The ship was now ready for the six months' voyage to England.

For the reasons which led to the dissolution of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company we must look both to California and to South America. In California, vigilant merchants were watching for the end of the monopoly of the English firm in January of 1826. Only a month after McCulloch, Hartnell and Company had entered the California trading field, Gale, a Boston merchant, sailed into Monterey Bay with the intention of trading in hides and tallow.³⁹ From South America others came — Mancisidor, Anderson, and Virmond.⁴⁰ Although not the direct cause of the dissolution of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, competition weakened the hold of the English firm on California trade.

Projected during a business boom actuated by South American war conditions, McCulloch, Hartnell and Company had always been regarded by John Begg and Company as a mere venture. As the firm became less profitable with the opening up of the South American hide and tallow production areas, Begg lost his initial enthusiasm for the California venture.⁴¹ Moreover, unwise speculations of the South American firm made it insecure.⁴²

In April of 1827 John Begg and Company gave notice of the intended temporary closing down of the establishment during an expected business depression.⁴³ To facilitate the prompt closing of the firm, Hartnell took on his own private account the unsold goods remaining from recent consignments, and early in 1828 sailed for South America

³⁸ Steeving is described in Dana, R. H., *Two Years Before the Mast*, pp. 306-8.

³⁹ While Gale had been engaged in the seal trade on the northwest Pacific Coast, he had become impressed with the possibilities of trade with the California missions. Returning to Boston, he persuaded merchants to fit out the *Sachem* for California.—Phelps, W. D., *Fore and Aft*, p. 242.

⁴⁰ Juan Ignacio Mancisidor and Mr. Anderson, consignees of the house of Diego Goldie of Lima were the most persistent rivals of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company.

⁴¹ Logan to Hartnell, March 30, 1828; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California*, XXIX, No. 217.

⁴² Begg held extensive mining interests in the vicinity of Puno.

⁴³ "It is now our wish to bring the present Firm to a termination, and completely to wind up all its transactions, before we enter into new articles of co-partnership with your Mr. Hartnell. The present juncture we consider favorable for a general settlement of accounts, for we can not look forward to any change in the present prospects of business for 12 or 18 months to come, by which time, we should hope, that a safe and commodious trade might be carried on with your place on new and more satisfactory arrangements for all parties".—Begg and Company to McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, April 10, 1827; *Hartnell documents*.

to dissolve the partnership.⁴⁴ McCulloch, Hartnell and Company ended, but the hide and tallow trade lived on.

The directing force of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company was William Edward Petty Hartnell, one of California's pioneers, whose services have not been commensurately acknowledged. After McCulloch left in 1822 for South America, the entire responsibility of the California establishment shifted to the shoulders of Hartnell. Respected by all, implicitly trusted by even his mercantile competitors, Hartnell built up the hide and tallow trade from nothing to a volume which attracted other enterprising merchants. Californians in 1822 were inexperienced in mercantile affairs. From north to south, back and forth went Hartnell to solicit trade and superintend the filling of vessels. The building up of a market, the initiation of business relations with scattered production points, the establishment of central depots for the collection of hides and tallow on an extended coast-line, and the instruction of natives in the preparation of produce for an exterior market — such were a few of the tasks confronting a pioneer mercantile house in California.

California in 1828, at the time of the dissolution of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, commercially speaking, was far different from what it had been in 1822. A demand for foreign commodities had been created. Annually long lists of goods were made out by the missionaries. Each year the missions were scenes of industrial activity. The *matanza*, the melting down of tallow and *grasa* and the transportation of hides and tallow to specified collection depots on the beaches, occupied the neophytes of every mission. Trade had become a part of mission life. The California of this last picture was the result of the activities of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, and behind the company was the man — William Hartnell.

During the two following decades hides and tallow traders came in ever increasing numbers to the Pacific Coast. The story of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company is a brilliant introductory chapter to the larger story of the California hide and tallow trade.

ADELE OGDEN,

Bancroft Library, University of California.

⁴⁴ According to the account statements of the California concern, there was a total loss of \$29,071.0½, which, by the terms of dissolution were to be divided as follows: John Begg and Company, \$18,169.3½; Hugh McCulloch, \$6813.6; W. E. P. Hartnell, \$4087.7. Hartnell also agreed to be responsible for outstanding debts, amounting to \$14,381.3¼, owed to the company in California and for certain insurances — a total, including his share of the loss, of \$18,885.4½.—Dissolution of Partnership of McCulloch, Hartnell and Company, May 6, 1828; *Hartnell documents*.

For a few years, Hartnell continued in the hide and tallow business. However, on all sides he met with ill-luck, until finally in 1832, after his debts were discharged by Begg and McCulloch, he withdrew from commercial affairs.

DOCUMENTARY

THE FRÉMONT EPISODE

[Montgomery to Frémont Offering Assistance]

[Mr. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts; also printed in
Frémont's Memoirs, p. 518]
[Copy]

U. S. Ship Portsmouth Bay of San
Francisco June 3d. 1846

Sir

On the 31st. ulto. the day previous to my sailing from Monterey a courier from Lieut. Gillespie to the U. States Consul arrived bringing the only definite intelligence of your movements & position since my arrival at that port on the 22d. of April last. The instructions under which I am now serving & which may detain me untill late in the fall, or longer upon this coast, have relation specifically to the objects of affording protection to the persons & property of Citizens of the U. States & of maintaining a watchful care over the General interests of our Country, Without reference in any manner to the enterprise in which you are so actively engaged; the nature & subject of which, except, so far as I may have been rightly informed by paragraph casually met with in public prints I am totally ignorant.

I beg leave however, (availing myself of the return of the Messenger) to assure you Sir of the interest I feel in the successful prosecution & Issue of the public interests committed to your direction, and without desiring information further than you may deem necessary, to enable me to aid & facilitate your operations, to express my sincere desire & readiness to serve you in any manner consistent with other duties.

Permit me to say Sir that if you should find it convenient to visit the U. S. Ship Portsmouth during her stay in this port, that I with the officers of the Ship—will be most happy to see you.

I shall remain here probably three weeks unless unforeseen circumstances requiring an earlier movement & my present intention is to return to Monterey.

I am Sir Very Respec^y.

To

Jn^o. B. MONTGOMERY

Capt. J. C. Fremont
Upper California

Commander
U. S. N.

[Gillespie to Larkin with Information]

[Larkin's Official Correspondence IV, 144. Bancroft Library.]
[Original]

Yerba Buena 1846

Sunday Night June 7th

11 oclock

My Dear Sir

Your favour of this day's date has just been received—I am very much obliged for your attention—Dr Marsh was correct in supposing it to be myself who passed his landing. I stopped there in Sutter's Launch to land some thirteen Indians, who had been on a visit to the Fort—I arrived here this morning, having been ashore in all some eighteen hours.

Upon my arrival I had the pleasure to receive your letters sent by Mr. Neale, for which please accept my thanks.

Cap't Freemont's party being very much in want of supplies before starting for home, and he being desirous not to give the authorities of the country any cause to complain of his traveling to the Sea Coast, induced me to come to this place to make a purchase of them for him—I am now here on this business, and am very sorry I cannot accept your polite invitation to visit you as soon as you desire; however, I beg you will not delay your excursion on my account, but on the Contrary, make as much despatch as the circumstances of the case may require—After I have delivered the supplies I am about to purchase, I will join you with all speed—

The views you take on the business referred to are very good, yet I would not place too much reliance upon the opinions of the Agent you mention—he, I think, would blind you all he can for the benefit of his employers, and would do every thing to advance their interest, while he might lead you to suppose him favorable to your views—I put not the least Confidence in his assertions, or his expressed wishes.

I will go up the Sacramento in a *double banked boat* on Wednesday, and will be down again as soon as my horses will carry me—I am used to hard riding and do not chafe in the saddle—

I write you in haste—I am very sleepy—having been up every night for a week—

Believing you will fully understand what I have written,

I remain

Very truly Yours

ARCH H. GILLESPIE

T. O. Larkin Esq^r

&c &c

Pueblo de San Jose

Lieutenant Gillespie's Letter with Requisition

[Mr. Templeton Crocker's Cloat Manuscripts; also printed in Frémont's Memoirs, p. 504.]

[Copy]

Yerba Buena

June 9th. 1846

Sir,

Herewith I have the honor to enclose a Requisition* for Supplies, made upon me by Capt. Fremont of United States Topographical Engineers, who is in command of a party of some fifty men, engaged upon an important Scientific Expedition.

You will perceive that Capt. Fremont states, "his party to be nearly destitute, and that under the unfriendly feeling of the Government of this country, the existing position of affairs, he is unable to obtain supplies; and in any case, only at very exorbitant prices." From the above-mentioned circumstances, I am induced to enclose this requisition, & respectfully request you to supply the same or such parts of it, as you may be able to spare; being fully assured, it will afford you great pleasure to render assistance to a different arm of the Service, engaged upon a laborious & dangerous expedition, exposed to every kind of danger and the greatest hardships men can endure; oftentimes living upon horseflesh, and at times without any provisions whatever.

Capt. Fremont is also in want of funds for the purchase of animals, as upon leaving for the United States, it will be necessary for him to purchase more horses, his present Supply being travel worn & almost unfit for the Saddle.

The exorbitant rate at which the Government Bills are exchanged, induce me to beg you to Supply Capt. Fremont with Fifteen Hundred dollars (\$1500), if the Same can be furnished, without injury to your own particular service; for which he will give the necessary receipts or Bills upon the Department. For these Supplies and any others he may recieve, Capt. Fremont will make due settlement upon his arrival at Head Quarters, Washington City.

Capt. Fremont is now encamped on the Sacramento, at the mouth of Feather River; where he awaits my return, with such provisions as I may be able to obtain.

Hoping you will be able to make the Supply, I will only add, that in the event of the party recieving from you the assistance requested you may be assured the same will not only be highly appreciated by the President & Departments, confer an obligation upon Capt. Fremont and myself, but will receive the heartfelt thanks of a Party of some of

* This requisition was printed in this *Quarterly*, Vol. VI, No. 2, p. 181.

the bravest & most determined men, who are happy in suffering privations while serving their country with a zeal and fidelity unsurpassed by any other.

I am Sir

Very Respectfully

Your Ob't. Serv't.

ARCHIE H. GILLESPIE

1st. Lieut. U. S. M. Corps &

Special & Confidential Agent
for California

To

Jn^o. B Montgomery Esq^r.

Commanding

U. S. Ship Portsmouth

Sausalito

Bay of San Francisco

[Montgomery to Frémont, Forwarding Supplies]

[Mr. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts; also printed in Frémont's Memoirs,
p. 519.]
[Copy]

U. S. Ship Portsmouth

Bay of San Francisco June 10th. 1846

Sir

Since writing you by Neal on the 3^d. Inst. I have been by Lieut. Gillespie informed of your present position and circumstances and made acquainted with your design soon to proceed South with your party as far as Santa Barbara before striking accross the country for the U. States. I am also informed by Lieut. G. of your having expressed to him a desire for the presence of a vessel of war at Santa Barbara, during the period of your temporary sojourn in the vicinity of that port.

Now Sir I am happy to say that I feel myself at liberty to visit any or all ports upon this coast should the public interests require it & if on receipt of this you shall still think that the presence of a Ship of War at Santa Barbara may prove serviceable to you in carrying out the views of our Government & will do me the favor by the return boat to communicate your wishes with information as to the time you will probably reach that part of the coast I will not fail (providence permitting) to meet you there with the Portsmouth.

I feel Gratified Sir in having it in my power to forward you by Lt. Hunter the amt. of funds asked for in your name by Lieut. Gillespie with most of the articles of Stores &c. required to meet the demand of your urgent necessity regretting only, my inability to furnish the

whole. You will oblige me by signing the Requisitions & Receipts annexed to the several invoices transmitted by Lt. Hunter, & with a view to the settlement of Purser James H. Watmough's accts. at the Navy Department, be pleased to give an order or bill (in Duplicate) on the proper Dept. of Government, payable to Purser Watmough's order to the 4^t. Auditor of the Treasury for the aggregate amt. of money & Pursers Stores Supplied.

Articles having no prices affixed need only to be receipted for.

Lieut. Gillespie informs me that you may find it convenient to visit the Portsmouth at Santa Barbara should we have occasion to go there. With this prospect in view I beg leave again to assure you that we shall all on board be most happy to see you.

Very Respectfully

I am Sir Your Ob't Servant

(Signed) JN^O B. MONTGOMERY

Commander

U. S. N.

To

Capt. J. C. Fremont

Bt. Capt. U. S. Topl. Engineers

U. California

**[Abel Stearns to Larkin, Showing Attitude of Californians
toward Union with United States]**

[From Mr. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]

[Copy]

Angeles June 12th 1846

Thomas O. Larkin Esq^r.

D^r Sir

Yours of May 21st and also that by Dn Pablo April 27 & another May 1st have all been rec'd — I wrote you by Dⁿ Rafael Pinto in answer, not so fully as I should have wished, but gave you some idea of affairs this way

The "Assemblea" by act have deferred the junta that was to take place at Santa Barbara on the 15th—The cause of this was the act passed by the *said to be junta de Guerra* held at Monterey, in which they declared the decrees and acts of the government of Sor Herrera relative to California to be nul thus indirectly declaring against the Gov^r. of this Department and other acts or decrees of the Gen^l. Government favourable to the civil list which probably does not very well coincide with the interests of the Military Gentlemen your way.

The object of the promoters of the junta that was to take place at S. B. had various objects in view—one particularly was to take

into consideration the evil that has lately existed in Monterey of the squandering away in the most scandalous manner the public funds without any benefit to the public and much to the injury of the people—another undoubtedly was to consult and advise what steps California might or ought to take under present circumstances to secure the peoples rights, remedy evils and better her condition in a political point of view—some no doubt would promoted independence, others Independence under the protection of England, and another party under the protection of the United States—for my part I think the shortest way would be for the people at once to declare it one of the United States which would at once throw themselves under the protection of that Gov^t. that is if the Yankees would permit us to become yankees.

There is no doubt that the majority of the people in this quarter, particularly the land holders and most respectable part would willingly and anxiously join the U. S. if they were sure of immediate protection against the Mexican Gov^t.—I often hear them say *ojala que toma esta los Americanos*—they appear to be inclined to any kind of change that will free them from Mexico—The Gov^t. men are of the same opinion generally.

Would in your opinion the U. States admit C———— into the Union and give immediate protection?—If war takes place it would of course be taken, and would it be given up again by treaty? are questions in the minds of some that are doubtfull.

The Governor is to leave very shortly for your place and the North to visit the Pueblo's, and if the people will assist him he will undoubtedly remedy many evils that exist or at least try to do so.

The grant of Land given to your children by Micheltoreno has not been approved by the assembly—on account of the law not authorizing the naturalizing *minos*, I could not persuade them to the measure.

The Expediente of Fran^{co}. gob Dye was not to be found in the Archives nor even a copy of the titles, therefore he should send a certified copy of his title and other papers that he may have (if possession has been given) and especially a plan or *Diseño* that it may be archived.

I have in my possession the approval of the Assemblée of the grant to D^{na} Josefa Sota (wife of James Stokes) it will be forwarded by M^r Howard or first safe opportunity

I am waiting M^r Grimes' *Diseño* as there appears to be no records of his grant. When the documents are to be found in the archives and are according to law (or approximating to it) they are generally

approved by the Asamblea many have been dispatched this session—quite an interest has been taken by the members to secure to the citizens their titles of grants of land before any change might take place which might impede that measure—as it is a very essential step to legally consolidate the titles—no one who has received the favour of a grant of land should be indifferent to getting the approval by the assembly—

If I could possibly leave I should accompany the Gov^r. to the North—Please continue to give me the news as opportunities may offer.

I think the delay of news from Mexico is indicative of no war which is rather to be regretted by the Californians.

Yours very truly &c

(Signed) ABEL STEARNS*

[Larkin to Buchanan with First Report on Bear Flag Trouble]

[Larkin's Official Correspondence II, pp. 64-67. Bancroft Library.]

[Copy]

Consulate of the United States of America
Monterey, California, June 18th, 1846.

Sir.

The Congress not yet having reached this Port, I am unable to forward several documents relative to the information asked for in the Despatch of October 17th, 1845, I am not willing to forward by the present opportunity. April 3rd. Commodore Stockton was in Callao, about sailing for Oahu, having met I understand with bad weather off the Cape; I think he must have reached Oahu about the 20th May, I expect him here by the 25th instant; the Portsmouth is at San Francisco I have informed Captain Montgomery of the news respecting the Congress.

H. B. M. Ship Juno 24 guns arrived here, but left yesterday for Santa Barbara to see the English Vice Consul who is there on a visit to the Governor; the Juno landed a German Botanist in the employ of an English Society; there is on board this Vessel a Mr. Macnamara, an Irish Catholic Priest, he was twelve months in Mexico, I understand he proposed to President Herrera to establish several thousand Irish in California; Sr. Herrera approved of it, when Mr. M^a. called on President Paredes to converse on the subject, the latter objected at once, saying the Irish would join the Americans immediately, that he wanted no Emigrant whose native language was English;

* There is a line drawn through this signature in the Sloat copy.—Ed.

this Gentleman has now gone to Santa Barbara with correspondence for the Bishop who lately died, he also intends to call on Governor Pico, from a friend of mine in the Governor's vicinity, I will know the reason of the visit in proper time.

Captain Fremont left California for the Oregon, from the snow being so deep or some other causes, he returned, is now two days ride above New Helvetia; from Mr. Gillespie's letter of this month, in San Francisco, I learn, Captain F. is on the eve of his departure for the United States; I expect Mr. G. here next week.

General Castro has for two months back, had his Barrack's with under fifty soldiers at Santa Clara, eighteen leagues this side of Yerba Buena, I was with him last week; the first of this month he ordered Lieutenant Arce and twelve men from Sonoma, to Santa Clara, thence to Monterey, with over one hundred Government horses; as the Sacramento River was high, Lieu^t. Arce crossed near New Helvetia; one morning while around their Camp fire (their muskets laying about) they received a visit from twelve foreigners on horse, who calmly ordered them to stack their arms and give up the animals, which they did, the foreigners then gave the soldiers a fresh horse each from the drove, and their guns, saying, years ago when some of us were your Prisoners and Victims, you made us go on foot, Sr. Arce asked their motives for taking his horses and was answered, that they supposed the Californians wanted these animals to come to the River to drive off the foreigners, from the information received, I believe I know one Englishman and an American of this party, yesterday the Commandant of Monterey received information from the General, Castro, at Santa Clara (two days ride from Sonoma, the latter being more North) stating that on the 14th, instant, 60 foreigners took Sonoma, carried off the horses, made prisoners Lt. Col. M. G. Vallejo Don Salvador Vallejo, Captain Victor Prudon, and Jacob Leese, and carried them up the Sacramento River, leaving 25 of their party in possession of the Town, verbal information reaches us, that the foreign settlers in the Valley of the Sacramento, have taken Captain Sutter's Establishment and Fort, New Helvetia, and retain it in their hands, General Castro is collecting his soldiers and the Citizens of the Ex-Mission of Santa Clara & the Pueblo (Town) near by; the Commandant & Prefect of Monterey, are leaving to day to join the General, with a few people of this Town supposing the General will not stop untill he reaches New Helvetia, the Fort.

Although I have seen the official letters respecting this latter transaction, I am not certain it is true (taking the first horses from Lt. Arce, is a fact,) I am fully induced to believe the whole story to be little

more or less true as we have it stated to us, the reason I can neither give nor imagine. Whether its a personal affair to redress some past wrongs and insults, or a robbery to carry to the U. States, Oregon or Santa Fe the horses, or that these foreigners expecting 2000 more over the mountains in September, are taking Government horses to go & meet the Emigrants, and then change the Government, I cannot tell; Captⁿ. Sutter is said to be engaged in it, the other names I hear of, are, O'Fallon an Irishman, Swift and Merritt, Americans, there is not at present 200 foreigners on the Sacramento Valley, or 1000 in California. General Castro will perhaps obtain from 3 to 400 men, and may reach Sonoma, I do not think he will go up the river any farther, and in all probability never see the aggressors.

Although this news is not certain it may be made public thro' the newspapers, I therefore forward it to the State Department who should have a knowledge of transactions of the kind, if true I am two years behind the time in my suppositions of affairs to come, my opinion of 1847 a[nd] 1848, is anticipated by the year we are in.

Captain Fremont & Mr. Gillespie being the last months in the vicinity of New Helvetia are supposed by the Californians to be at the springing of this business and fanning it on in a private manner, while many believe this Office was fully informed of all that has happened, a month ago, there are of course hundreds of reports, that have no foundation of thruth.

By the Congress to Mazatlan I hope to give further information on this subject which the Department may receive 20 days after this despatch; I have this year sent to the Department a Map of California, showing its different Ports, Towns & Missions by the next conveyance another copy will be sent; I have Captain Fremonts last letter to Hon. Thomas Benton which will be forwarded by the next Mail, the writer wishing it not to [be] intercepted, this despatch goes to Mazatlan in a Mexican Vessel.

From verbal information received at Yerba Buena, we learn that the foreigners in the Sacramento Valley have rose, giving the Transaction the name of a "Popular Movement," that on the 14th instant Forty of their number took possession of Sonoma, made prisoners of Don M. G. Vallejo, Don Salvador Vallejo, Mr. Jacob Leese and Don Victor Prudon, who they have up the river, leaving a party in possession of Sonoma, they have given the Prisoners every assurance of protection and humane treatment, and profess to have taken them for their own safety and for a proper regard to the success of their future operations. A proclamation has been issued by the Party, stating, that the strongest guaranties have been given for the security of life, property and privi-

ledges, to the families of the prisoners, and will be to all other persons remaining quiet and inoffensive in their conduct throughout the country.

A Messenger from the party as he said, brought the Captain of the United States Ship of War "Portsmouth," information, that every thing would be conducted in the best order circumstances would permit. Don M. G. Vallejo sent Don Jose de la Rosa to Captain Montgomery informing him where he was, both Messengers left the Frigate in one boat to go up the River; the whole is not understood here, therefore no explanation can be given of the intention of the party rising, for myself I can only suppose the party now on the Sacramento are determined with the assistance of those expected in September over the mountains, to overthrow this Government.

I am Sir with the highest consideration and respect, your obdt. servt.

Hon.

James Buchanan
Secretary of State
City of Washington.

THOMAS O. LARKIN*

[Frémont to Montgomery, Outlining Policy and Plan]

[Mr. Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts; also printed in *Century Magazine*, March, 1890]
[Copy]

New Helvetia
California; June 16th. 1846.

Sir

I had the gratification to receive on the 6th. your letter of the 3^d. Inst; and the farther gratification to receive yesterday by the hands of Lieut. Hunter your favor of the 10th. conveying to me assurances of your disposition to do any thing within the scope of your instructions to facilitate the public service in which I am engaged. In acknowledging the receipt of the stores with which you have supplied us, I beg you to receive the earnest thanks of myself & party for the prompt & active kindness, which we are all in a condition fully to appreciate. My time today has been so constantly engrossed that I could make no opportunity to write and as it is now nearly midnight you will permit me to refer you to Lieut. Hunter for an account of the condition of the country, which will doubtless have much interest for you. The people here have made some movements with the view of establishing a settled & stable Government, which may give security to their persons & property. This evening I was interrupted in a note to yourself by the arrival of Gen^l. Vallejo and other officers, who had been taken prisoners & insisted on surrendering to me. The people and authorities of the country persist in connecting me with every movement of the

* For further documents on the Bear Flag War, see this *Quarterly*, Vols. I and II.—Ed.

foriegners, & I am in hourly expectation of the approach of Genl. Castro.

My position has consequently become a difficult one. The unexpected hostility which has been exercised towards us on the part of the military authorities of California has entirely deranged the plan of our Survey & frustrated my intention of examining the Colorado of the Gulf of California, which was one of the principal objects of this expedition.

The suffering to which my party would be unavoidably exposed at this advanced period of the year by deprivation of water during intervals of three & four days, renders any movement in that direction impracticable.

It is therefore my present intention to abandon the farther prosecution of our exploration & proceed immediately accross the mountainous country to the eastward in the direction of the head waters of the Arkansas river, & thence to the frontier of Missouri, where I expect to arrive early in September. In order to recruit my animals & arrange my equipage for a long journey, I shall necessarily be compelled to remain here untill about the first of July. In the mean time should any thing be attempted against me, I cannot, consistently with my own feelings & respect for the National character of the duty in which I am engaged, permit a repetition of the recent insults we have received from Genl. Castro. If therefore any hostile movements are made in this direction I will most assuredly meet or anticipate them; and with such intentions I am regulating my conduct to the people here. The nature of my instructions & the peaceful nature of our operations, do not contemplate any active hostility on my part even in the event of war between the two countries; and therefore although I am resolved to take such active and precautionary measures as I shall judge necessary for our safety, I am not authorized to ask from you any other than such assistance, as without incurring yourself unusual responsibility, you would feel at liberty to afford me. Such an emergency could not have been anticipated in any instructions; but between indians on the one hand and a hostile people on the other, I trust that our Government will not severely censure any efforts to which we may be driven in defence of our lives & character. In this condition of things I can only then urgently request that you will remain with the Portsmouth in the Bay of San Francisco, where your presence will operate strongly to check proceedings against us; and I would feel much more security in my position should you judge it advisable to keep open a communication with me by means of your boats. In this way you would receive the earliest information, and you might possibly

spare us the aid of one of your surgeons in case of accident here. Repeating my thanks for the assistance you have rendered us and regretting my inability to visit you on board the Portsmouth,

I am Sir, Very Respectfully

Your Ob't Serv't.

(Signed) J. C. FREMONT

Bt. Capt. U. S. Topl

Engineers U. S. Army

Capt. Jn^o B Montgomery

U. S. Ship Portsmouth

Bay of San Francisco

California

[Montgomery to Frémont with News and Intentions]

[Mr. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts; also in Frémont's Memoirs, p. 527.]
[Copy]

U. S. Ship Portsmouth

Sausalito June [23] 1846

Sir

By Lieut. Hunter who reached the ship on Saturday evening from your camp I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 16^t. Inst. announcing the seasonable reception of the stores forwarded by him. The last few days have teemed with important events; pointing in my view, to results momentous to the interests of California & our own country. I have determined to remain where I am at present, looking after the interests of our Country & Countrymen requiring to be watched at this crisis, and readily comply with your suggestion to keep open the communication with your camp, by means of my boats; in pursuance of which it is intended to send a boat in the morning (tomorrow) in charge of Lieut. Revere, (who will hand you this) and another on Saturday next, by the return of which you will be pleased to inform me whether a third boat will be likely to reach you at your present camp or not. The Surgeon of the Portsmouth Doctor Henderson goes in the boat with orders to remain with you untill the return of the next boat, or longer should you desire it. Altho' aware that the public mind in California was prepared for a change of Government, I little expected the movement to take place at this time or in the manner it has. the Capture of the horses, and surprise of Sonoma were master strokes, but should have been followed up by a rush upon Santa Clara where Castro with the residue of ordnance & munitions of the country, might have been taken by thirty men at any time previous to Saturday evening. Castro must feel sensibly the loss of

the two Vallejo's, & Prudon as well as that of the arms & munitions taken at Sonoma. I have exchanged communications with the commanders on both sides, and others, preserving a strict neutrality and avowing my purpose of scrupulously adhering to this principal; while I confess my sympathy's are wholly with the gallant little band in arms for mutual defence. Individuals & small parties from this section have been joining the insurgents at Sonoma daily I am informed, and Lieut. Hunter brings intelligence of Sutters union with them. An irregular force of one hundred & fifty are said to have joined Castro at Santa Clara on Saturday brought from the vicinity of Monterey by Manuel Castro the Sub Prefect of that place and I am just informed that they are expected to cross the straits and take horses at point St. Pedro where a number have been collected for their use; this evening, and move directly upon Sonoma. If this is the case we shall soon know the result. I yesterday heard of the arrival of the U. S. Ship Cyane at Monterey, where the Congress is also daily looked for from the Islands where she arrived on the 13^t. of May. Not a word of news have I yet received by the Cyane but I think she must bring from Mazatlan something respecting our Mexican concerns.

I received a letter from Castro* a few days since a copy of which as it relates solely to your imagined operations, I have thought it well to send you with my reply. Also two proclamations this moment received. Should anything of consequence reach me from the Cyane before sending the next boat I will not fail to communicate it to you.

In the mean time
 permit me to subscribe
 myself Your Ob't Serv't.

(Signed) JN^o. B. MONTGOMERY
 Commander
 U. S. N.

To

Capt. J. C. Freemont)
 U. S. Topl. Engineers)
 Sacramento U. California)

N. B. Since writing the above I have heard there is no probability of Castro's movement upon Sonoma for several days they are using great efforts to purchase arms &c.

Respectfully
 (Signed) JN^o. B. MONTGOMERY

* This letter and Commander Montgomery's reply were printed in this *Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 1, pp. 69-71.

[Castro's Letter to Montgomery]

[Mr. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts; also printed in Frémont's Memoirs, p. 528.]

Translation of Genl. Castro's letter

Office of the Commandant General of Upper California.

HEAD QUARTERS

The undersigned Commander in Chief of the Department, has had advice from various Sources, that the boats of the American Ship of War Portsmouth, now anchored in San Francisco, go about the Bay armed for the purpose of examining its trade, and as in the opinion of the Undersigned the aforesaid Ship cannot practice Such operation in a port which belongs to the Mexican Nation, he addresses himself to the Commander of the aforesaid Ship to the end, that he will please inform him in reply, with what object he takes those measures; that in consequence, he may act in conformity with his orders from his Government.

The undersigned has the honor to repeat to the Commander of the aforesaid Ship, assurances of his most respectful consideration.

God and Liberty

Santa Clara

June 23^d. 1846.

(Signed) JOSE CASTRO.

To the Commander of the American Sloop of Portsmouth Anchored in the Bay of San Francisco.

Translated by Wash^a. A. Bartlett for Com^r. J. B. Montgomery

[Montgomery's Reply to Castro]

[Mr. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]

[Copy]

U. S. Ship Portsmouth

Anchorage Yerba Buena

June 24th. 1846.

The undersigned Commander of the U. S. Ship Portsmouth has the honor to acknowledge the reception (this moment) of Gen^l. Castro's communication of yesterday, and in reply has to inform him that the Launch of the Portsmouth was despatched on the 10th. Inst in Search of the Camp of Captain J. C. Fremont (whose neutral position in the Country and non interference with its political or Military movements, the undersigned begs leave to reiterate) with Supplies of which he Stood in need, and a second boat was despatched a day or two since, for the purpose of communicating with Capt. Fremont.

The undersigned has the honor to assure Gen^l. Castro; that the

information he has received respecting the Boats of the U. S. Ship Portsmouth under his command is wholly erroneous, the neutral character of the Flag of the United States, having in no instance been violated by himself or those under his command.

The undersigned with the view, & in full expectation of allaying & finally putting to rest, in the mind, of the Commandant General Suspicions so injurious to the honor of the Flag of the U. States, as well as to the undersigned, as the representative of his Government; begs leave to assure General Castro of his established purpose of strictly adhering the the principles involved in the obligations of his neutral position within the waters & Coast of California.

The undersigned thinks it proper in the circumstances to inform General Castro of his intention to despatch a third boat to the camp of Cap^t. Fremont towards the close of the present week with communications previous to his (Cap^t. Fremonts final departure from California.

The undersigned has the honor to assure the Commandant General of the Department of Upper California of his respectful consideration.

(Signed) JN^o. B. MONTGOMERY

Commander

To

Don Jose Castro

Commandant General

of the Department of U. California

[Montgomery to Frémont with Further News]

[Mr. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts; also printed in Frémont's Memoirs, p. 527.]
[Copy]

U. S. Ship Portsmouth

Yerba Buena June 26^t. 1846

Sir

Since writing to you by Lieut Revere a force of Seventy Californians moveing from Santa Clara towards Sonoma after passing the Narrows of this Bay twelve miles to the Northerd of my anchorage were met by a party of fifteen of the revolutionists, and checked or as reported, compelled to fall back with the loss of two killed and two wounded two of the fifteen also falling by the fire of their opponants. This first success, tho', seemingly a small affair, cannot fail I think to give a favorable impulse to the operations of the insurgents and attract at once numbers of the foriegn residents to their aid. Altho.' neutral in my position, I cannot be so in feeling and am anxiously looking for farther intelligence beleiving that inactivity in the circumstances can form no part of the policy of the Sonoma party.

Castro has written to me saying that "He had received advise from various sources, that the boats of the American Ship Portsmouth go about the Bay of San Francisco armed for the purpose of examining its trade &c." This of course, I have very honestly denied, but informed him that I had sent two boats since the 10th. Inst. to your Camp, and deemed it proper in the circumstances to notify him of my intention to despatch another for the purpose of communicating with you at the close of the week, since which I have heard nothing from him. He is at Santa Clara with about Seventy Men it is said.

I have directed Lieut. Bartlett to bring Surgeon Henderson with him when he returns unless your detention beyond the period named for your final departure for the U. States should render his further continuance important, of which you will please be the judge. Lieut. Bartlett will hand you Sir, a package for the Hon^{ble}. Secretary of the Navy which (if perfectly convenient not otherwise) I will thank you to take charge of, and forward from any point of communication most convenient to yourself.

Wishing you Sir a safe and pleasant journey to your Country and home I have the honor to subscribe myself

Very Respectfully Your Ob^t. Serv^t.
(Signed) JN^o. B. MONTGOMERY

Commander
U. S. Navy

To

Captain J. C. Fremont
U. S. Topl. Engineers
Upper California

Note [written across bottom of copy].

An extract from Mr. Tho. O. Larkins letter of the 20th. July in relation to the expected arrival of the Savannah at Monterey, & remarks as to the possible consequences &c. was given for the information of Capt F. in the original letter omitted as unimportant in this copy.

J. B. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

California Chinese Chatter. San Francisco: Albert Dressler, 1927. 41, 62, (1) pp. Facs. Ills. 8°.

A shadowy, misty, glimpse of a "Chinatown" of California, long of the past, is herein reflected. It was invariably situated in the outskirts of the town, upon a dusty road where nearby lay the railroad tracks or the stage road. Here, usually upon the edge of a half-dried stream (more frequently a ditch), skirted by stunted bushes and rank weeds, and flanked by the trash-heaps of the town, were huddled the few squalid and unlovely structures that collectively constituted "Chinatown." Stained and discolored were the buildings, and mysterious, inscrutable and sometimes sinister were the dwellers therein. Their cosmos was comprehended within the expressive "no sabe."

One building, larger than the others but equally shabby, sported a heavy door, substantial wooden shutters and stout wire gratings which apparently were to insure seclusion, but actually to discourage the many assaults of the "hoodlums." This building bore the familiar sign-board: "Hi-Low. Washing & Ironing," and this was usually the sole message of its activities that Chinatown gave forth to the outside world.

In such a place in Downieville, longer ago than a half-century, was enacted the drama that Mr. Dressler has presented in these 120 exhibits — telegrams that were sent by Chinese to and from Downieville, Sierra County, between March 1, and November 27, 1874.

It is a curious medley of opium traffic, intrigue, lawsuits, Oriental diplomacy and direct action. It is a one-sided case, for the replies of course are not included. But incomplete and obscure as the context sometimes may be, there is therein a lurid and picturesque parade — strange characters which suddenly appear to speedily dissolve as did the irregular, colorful pieces in the old-fashioned kaleidoscope, also of a by-gone day.

The plot, whichever it may be, depends largely upon the reader's range of imagination. For the historian, story writer, and dramatist, there is without doubt material for several plots and much scenery.

The story would end abruptly were it not that Mr. Dressler has provided as an appendix the genuine proceedings in the Superior court at Downieville, October 23, 1874, in the examination of one Ah Jake upon a charge of murder. In America, Chinese surnames have not much significance, but Ah Jake was one of the characters in the sinister story of these telegrams. Mr. Dressler has adduced official records to show

that there were two individuals of the name of Ah Jake who were convicted of murder. Strangely, and quite consistently with the character of the unwritten story of the telegrams, one Ah Jake is yet living in Sierra County in secure respectability. Which one, is also another interesting problem for the historian and his accomplices.

In his forceful fashion, Rudyard Kipling has commented upon similarities existent beneath the human skin. Chinese or Caucasian, what could be more human than the expressions contained in these extracts? —

"I no saby you, no can pay man, you send money I pay. Collect 75¢."

"If you dont settle immediately will bring sheriff up. 10 Pd." And could one of any nationality be more shrewd and cautious than Lem Chung? —

"Hire a lawyer and if he wins case me send one hundred and twenty dollars. If no win me send no money. The lawyer pay his own expenses. Answer immediately. Pd. \$1.75."

The book is appropriately bound in boards of Chinese colors, and Mr. Dressler has illustrated the work with his own special drawings and several facsimiles. Like several other works which Mr. Dressler has salvaged from oblivion, this little volume is a tribute to his ingenuity, and a real addition to the curious features of Californian literature.

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN.

The Presbyterian Church in California, 1849-1927. By Edward Arthur Wicher, D.D. New York: Frederick H. Hitchcock. The Grafton Press, 1927. 11+ 360 pp. Portraits and illustrations. 8°.

Dr. Wicher has in this book done good service for California history as well as for California Presbyterianism. It was a task which he did not choose, but to which he was appointed by the Synod of California. Considering his position in the San Francisco Theological Seminary, it could not be his major task, but he says in his introduction that as he progressed he found the writing increasingly a labor of love.

The plan of the book is excellent. The minutiae of data necessary to relating the inception, progress and present state of the innumerable Presbyterian churches in California might easily have produced a confused result, but the wealth of material is logically arranged and a good index adds to the usefulness of the work. Some errors have crept in, which was almost inevitable when such a mass of scattered information furnished by so many different people was necessarily a

part of the source material. Errors in proof-reading are doubtless due to haste at the last in order to have the book ready for the late General Assembly.

The *Quarterly* of the California Historical Society is named by Dr. Wicher among his sources for the chapters on the Spanish background and the American beginnings in California. The diaries and memoirs of pioneer ministers gave him some of his best material — the testimony of almost every writer on California history. They were a splendid body of men, those first ministers, and not the least of their services was the preservation for us of the atmosphere in which they found themselves. No one has done this better than the Reverend Albert Williams, the organizer of the first Presbyterian church in San Francisco. Those pioneer pastors claim our admiration, not only for organizing their churches in the midst of such baffling difficulties and persevering through the discouragement of devouring flames, not only for their humane efforts in founding a hospital, an orphan asylum, a benovolent society and a Seaman's Home, for their fearlessness in combatting evil and their uncomplaining acceptance of discomfords and privations; but also for their ability to dwell together in peace and harmony. Not only did Methodist and Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Congregationalist extend to each other the hand of brotherly love; but Catholic priest and Protestant minister stood shoulder to shoulder working together in unison for the good of the community. Differences of belief are seldom recorded in their writings; but one finds passages like the following from Mr. Williams' pen: "But in our band [naming two Episcopalian ministers, a Methodist, a Baptist and two Presbyterians] no distinctions were manifest. Our meetings were characterized by harmonious intercourse and fellowship whose fruit appeared in concert of action." And again of a Jesuit priest, Mr. Williams said: "With Mr. Langlois my acquaintance continued and became intimate, as it was also agreeable. He was earnest and at all times ready to cooperate in efforts to promote good morals." Mr. Williams, it is to be noted, was of the Old School of Presbyterianism, yet as the passages quoted show, was broad-minded and tolerant.

From the chapters on the Spanish background and the pioneer period when the first Presbyterian church was founded, Dr. Wicher goes on to the first presbyteries and the first synod, then through the first and second decades to the period of reunion of the Old School with the new which was accomplished in 1870.

Chapters follow on Presbyterian educational work, including the history of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, Occidental College

and of other institutions with which Presbyterianism or prominent Presbyterians were more or less closely identified.

Women's work in the church finds a prominent place and also the work among Orientals and other foreign population of California. A chapter on the church today closes the main part of the volume. Three interesting appendices are added. The book is copiously illustrated.

Perhaps in his enthusiasm Dr. Wicher claims too much for the Presbyterians. Some of his "firsts" are at least disputable. It is generally conceded that the Methodists were first in an organization in San Francisco, though, perhaps, it could not strictly be called a church, as they had only a lay preacher until the Reverend William Taylor arrived in the September following Mr. Williams' arrival in April. The Reverend T. Dwight Hunt, a Presbyterian minister who afterwards occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church, had been appointed chaplain of the town and was holding services for an interdenominational or undenominational union when Mr. Williams arrived. Whether first or not in organizing their church, Presbyterians were second to none in what they accomplished. Dr. Williams (as he afterwards became) laid broad and deep foundations upon which the present noble structure of Presbyterianism in California was built.

It is a fine thing that most, if not all, of the groups of churches, in their district or State organizations, have a historical committee or, at least, an appointed historian. Much important historical material will thereby be preserved.

Dr. Wicher is to be congratulated for having wrought his complicated mass of details into an interesting and valuable book.

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

The Society held a luncheon meeting on Tuesday, June 21, 1927, at the Clift Hotel. The speaker was Hon. James D. Phelan and his topic "John C. Frémont."

Senator Phelan briefly alluded to the ancestry of Frémont and sketched his background of education and environment while he dealt with his early years and his scholastic achievements. He then dealt more at length on his work during the years of his explorations, dwelling on the thoroughness of his preparations, his courage and persistence in attaining his objectives and the admirable presentation he made of his results.

Having brought Frémont, in the course of his explorations, to California at the end of 1845, the speaker paused to outline the policy of President Polk's administration toward Mexico. In addition to the obvious desire of the President to obtain a pretext for war, there was the recent organization of the Republic of Texas and its subsequent incorporation into the United States, before the eyes of the world. As the aspirations of the administration represented a party, rather than a nation-wide view, and might be subjected to criticism by strict moralists of any opinion, there were no explicit instructions to far-away agents. There can be no doubt, however, about the intent of the administration; and Frémont, whether advised by word of mouth or not, should not have to shoulder the blame alone for moves that were in accord with the spirit of those intentions.

The speaker then recounted the incidents attending Frémont's return from the north after Lieutenant Gillespie had overtaken him, his attitude during the Bear Flag episode, and his subsequent march toward Yerba Buena and his meeting with Commodore Sloat. Criticisms of him during this period were combatted vigorously.

Taking up events after the arrival of Commodore Stockton, Senator Phelan defended Frémont in making his choice between the conflicting orders of the army and navy commanders. While the court-martial that tried him did not agree with this view, the President set aside the verdict of the court. Frémont nevertheless resigned from the army.

In 1856 he became the candidate for President, of the Free Soil party. In this move he was without the support of his father-in-law, Senator Benton, who said that his success would disrupt the Union. It was an era of great bitterness of political feeling. The attacks on Frémont were violent, and everything that could be raked up to cast discredit on him or his motives was used during the campaign. He was

unsuccessful in his campaign and he had the misfortune to have his record clouded by the propaganda of his political enemies.

Senator Prelan then touched briefly on Frémont's record during the Civil War and as governor of Arizona, and his death, a disappointed man.

There were over sixty persons present at this meeting.

No luncheon meeting was held during July, 1927.

On the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Melville Schweitzer, the Society held its August meeting, as their guests, at their country home near Sonoma, on Sunday, August twenty-eighth. About one hundred members and guests were present, who greatly enjoyed a perfect day in wonderful surroundings. The estate was originally part of the property of General Vallejo and was bought from him by General Persifor F. Smith in 1849. The life of that distinguished officer was the subject of the address of the day. Colonel L. H. Bash, U. S. A., was the speaker. He told of Smith's ancestry, which contained distinguished officers in the Revolutionary army on both his father's and mother's side. Notwithstanding this military background, young Smith did not begin his career as a military man but studied law. He began practice at Philadelphia, but shortly removed to New Orleans. He soon made a name for himself and became a judge.

His interest in military affairs led to active service in the Louisiana National Guard, of which he became adjutant general. During the Seminole War he raised and commanded a regiment of volunteers. On the breaking out of the Mexican War he was again called on for service and commanded a brigade which participated with distinction in many of the hard-fought battles of the war.

Colonel Bash then spoke at some length on another aspect of his war service for which his legal training had especially fitted him. He was called on to preside at several courts-martial involving complicated questions where his judgments won him great praise for their clear and convincing terms. Because of his administrative and judicial ability he was made military governor of Vera Cruz.

At the close of the war he again showed his administrative capacity by the skill and promptness with which he transported his command to the United States. His record naturally led to his retention in the regular army. It also led to his selection as commandant of the new Department of the Pacific. Arriving on the steamship *California* in February, 1849, with his family, he found conditions of climate, service and housing in San Francisco too desperate to be borne. So he very

shortly established the military headquarters of the department at Sonoma, where it continued until the transfer to Benicia in 1851.

General Smith's service in California was not of long duration, as there was work for him first in Texas, then in Kansas during the turbulent period there, and later, he was assigned to duty in Utah. While on his way thither he died at Fort Leavenworth of an illness probably due to trouble acquired during his Mexican campaign. He was sixty years of age at the time of his death in 1858. Colonel Bash drew some parallels between his career and that of Theodore Roosevelt, both of whom he regarded as born military leaders as well as unusual administrators.

Mr. and Mrs. Schweitzer had on display many items of historic interest. Among her guests were a number of the residents of the Valley, some of whom brought rare and interesting material. It was a memorable day in the annals of the Society.

ANSON S. BLAKE.

NEW MEMBERS

Arnold, Mrs. Charles C., Riverside.

Cerf, Marcel E., San Francisco.

McArthur, Lewis A., Portland, Ore.

Rose, Lewis S., San Francisco.

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM IRVIN BROBECK

Born: July 17, 1869

Died: July 27, 1927

On July 27, 1927, William Irvin Brobeck died on the Admiral liner *Queen* in Alaskan waters, where he was enjoying a vacation with Mrs. Brobeck.

He was born in Rochester, Pa., on July 17, 1869, coming to Nevada City in the midst of its boom mining days six years later. At the age of sixteen he moved to San Francisco and graduated from the old Boys High School in 1889. He entered Hastings College of the Law immediately thereafter. In 1892, on graduating from Hastings, he was admitted to the Bar.

While still in Law School he entered the office of City and County Attorney Harry T. Creswell, and remained there during the terms of Mr. Creswell and Franklin K. Lane, and for several years thereafter, under Percy Long. His most important work while in the City Attorney's office was the prominent part he took in drafting the new San Francisco City Charter.

In 1905 he left this employment to become junior partner with the late Alexander F. Morrison and late Judge Walter Cope, and remained in active practice with that connection all the rest of his life. He was senior member of the law firm of Brobeck, Phleger and Harrison at the time of his death.

He was engaged in some of the foremost litigation before the courts of this State during the past twenty years; and also was noted as an organizer and reorganizer of large financial interests and public utility corporations.

Although a native of Pennsylvania, he was greatly interested in the development of the West, and was an ardent member of the California Historical Society. He was also a trustee of Mills College and a director of the Key System Company, American Trust Company, Paraffine Companies, and other organizations.

In social life he was an active member of the Bohemian and Pacific Union Clubs, and the Bar Associations. Mr. Brobeck was married and made his home in Alameda County for a number of years preceding his death.

H. H. NORTH.